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The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXI OCTOBER, 1934 No. 10

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. XXI OCTOBER, 1934 No. 10

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Relief Society Magazine

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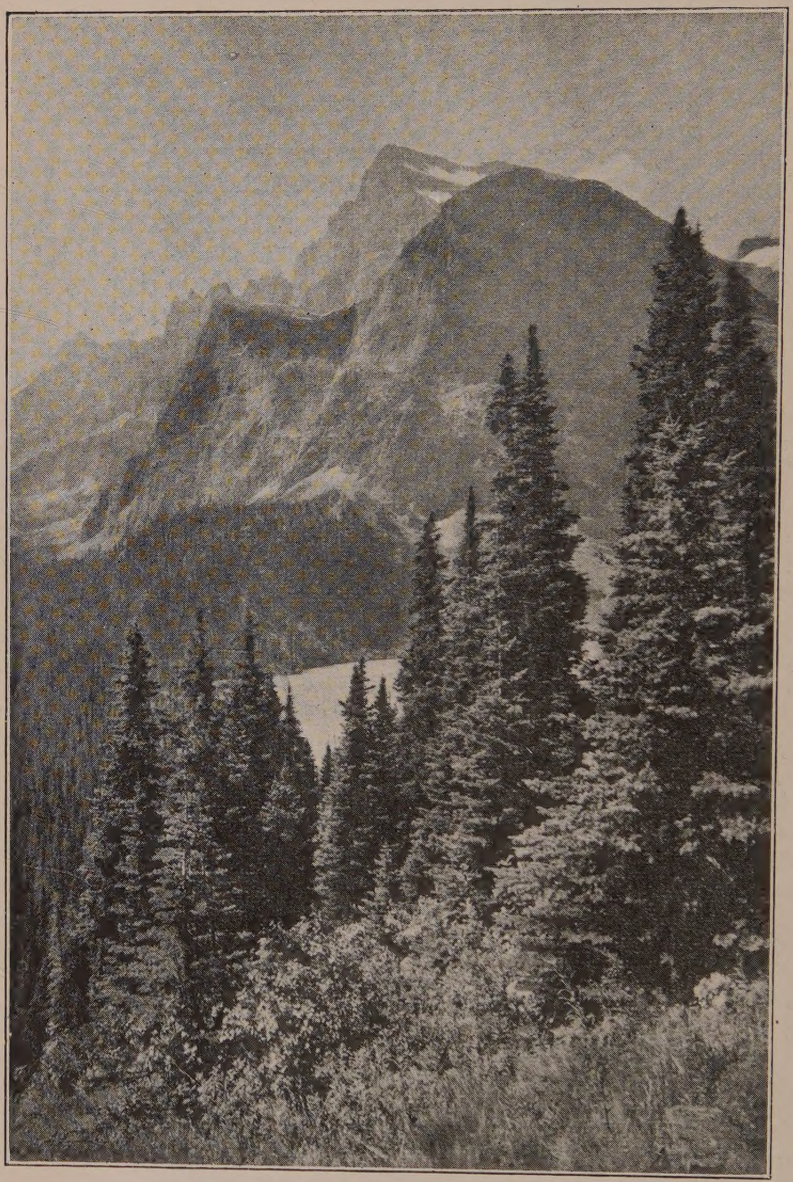
Playthings

By Grace Zenor Pratt

When the long day closes, shadows softly fall,
Children are asleep in bed,—the night birds call . . .
The living room seems lonely—all the toys lie
Unused and forgotten while the hours go by.
Gathering up the little clothes, set the room to right . . .
There's so much a Mother finds to do at night.
Here lies a cap ,a little dress . . . a pair of stubby shoes,
A dozen scattered marbles, of many varied hues.
A battered wooden top, a twisted useless string . . .
A tuneless Jews harp, yet a precious thing;
Two dollies, here, and so beloved are they,
Yet quite forgotten now at close of day;
Some well worn books and broken crayons there,
Small scraps of cloth and pictures everywhere.
. . . I clear the table deftly—put treasures in their place,
Tomorrow there shall be no wistful grieving face;
The little clothes I smooth with loving care,
Those wee, stubbed shoes I place beside his chair.
The floor is cleared of scraps and litter too;
Tomorrow we may start again, anew.
. . . O what care I if floor is littered now,
Or fret if marks of baby hands
Subdue the polish of a table's grace,
If I but see the love in childish face.
So precious are the things of childhood's day,
So fleeting are the hours of childish play;
Tomorrow comes so quickly and the years
Will find us lonely—rooms grow silent too . . .
And Mother's hands be groping for the task
That only yesterday seemed hard to do.



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GOULD MOUNTAIN, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

The
Relief Society Magazine

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After Twenty Years

By Mabel Harmer

NATURALLY there has been a great deal of comment on the twentieth anniversary this year of the "shot that was heard around the world." The shot fired by a young student that killed an Archduke and his wife and was the technical starting point for the great war that was "to end all wars" and to "make the world safe for democracy."

Such was part of the propaganda used to induce the people of the United States to throw their forces into the war, but to just what extent now do people believe that all wars are ended? When Premier Dollfuss of Austria was assassinated recently the world watched breathlessly for a time to see if a shot had been fired that would start another great conflagration. The death of Hindenburg shortly after brought fear into many hearts again and the growing power of Hitler strikes an ominous note. Sanguine indeed is the person who believes that the four-year debacle of two decades ago will never again be repeated.

The national mind is a strange thing and is sometimes motivated by strange impulses. Volumes have been written on who or what caused the great war and while it is an easy matter to blame the Serbian bullet or the German Kaiser as the primary cause still everyone knows that there were many more underlying and contributing causes.

Fundamentally it was the urge for power and the need for economic markets that brought the great nations together and the intricate system of European alliances drew in the smaller powers.

In 1914 Germany's principal industries, iron, steel and machinery had expanded rapidly. She yearned to build railroads in the East. The lords of the Ruhr looked enviously upon the Briery ore fields of the French and the coal fields of Belgium. They dreamed of a great market in middle Europe. And what of the French? They too manufactured steel and could well use the iron of Lorraine and the coal of the Ruhr.

What is the difference today? The French did not obtain the Ruhr which now produces more ore than in pre-war days and again the Germans are badly in need of export markets.

In addition to the nationalistic urges for war it is a sad fact that the people who produce the armaments are not above instigating causes for their use. One man recently wrote, "If I am killed in the

next war I hope they will put on my white cross a notation that the bullet which killed me cost a fraction of a cent to make and sold for three cents or more. Someone, I should like it known, made a nice profit on my extinction.

War costs a terrific amount of money, as we have good cause to know. It also makes a lot of money for someone. Last year the world spent over four billions on armaments. Seventy-five per cent of these armaments are bought from five great companies located in England, France, Japan, Czechoslovakia and the United States. Most of them have subsidiary companies in other countries. The manufacturing of firearms is by far the largest and most profitable industry although they also manufacture other steel products.

Another curious fact is that these companies, in case of war, sell impartially at home or abroad so that an English boy may very likely be killed by a bullet made in his own country.

How did we become involved in the last war? Briefly according to the book "Why We Fought" by Gratten, emotional and intellectual currents here turned the money and goods of the United States largely into the Allied countries. Sentiment was augmented by propaganda. The Allied nations effected a blockade of Germany and in replying to the blockade Germany brought the submarine into use for the first time. Inspired by an attempt to protect our trade interests and partially, we trust, by humanitarianism, we protested. Our protests led the British to tighten the blockade until Germany in despepration made a toss up for all or nothing and lost.

Songs were sung, flags were waved and we felt a burning desire to pour our love, our money and our men into France. For what? To help defend defenseless nations? Perhaps. It is not my purpose, except superficially, to go into the origin of the late war or to present arguments as to whether or not we should have entered. I want to say something about the likelihood of future wars and what will be our attitude about sending our manpower again in such an event.

WHILE war is not inevitable, the great majority of people believe it to be so. The history of European countries is fraught with the desire for expanding power and territory. With them it is an eternal game.

If then to serve selfish economic interests the world again becomes involved in war, how can our own country keep out of it? At present we have very little maudlin sentiment toward foreign countries. We realized that we played a heavy role in financing the last war and received precious little thanks for our efforts.

Nevertheless, neutrality is not a simple matter. Insidious propaganda is always afoot and is often difficult to recognize. The chances are very great that we shall again become involved unless we think through the problem clearly in times of peace and carefully build up a policy of real neutrality.

This is far more difficult to achieve than it sounds. Some writers think that it is impossible and that we would enter in even shorter time than we did before. Everyone remembers the "war babies" of twenty years ago when riches were suddenly poured into the laps of those who had goods to sell to Europe. Apparently we became prosperous. A prosperity, alas, for which we are paying a heavy price now. We also entered upon the unique

policy of lending Europe the money with which to buy our goods. The method of doing business by means of long term credit proved dangerous in the past and should be avoided in the future.

It is always possible, of course, that we will become involved in conflict which touches us vitally—where our homes or our honor actually become endangered. But if, as was the case in the last war, we are drawn into a fire created by grasping nations and fanned by selfish interests, what will be our attitude when it comes to sending our sons to fight?

Do you remember how at the beginning of the world war we sang, "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier," and re-elected Wilson because he had "kept us out of war?" After two years or so the words were changed for us. We were taught to sing, "I'll Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier and a Credit to the U. S. A." Is it putting it too strong to say that the words might have been, "I'll Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier and a Sacrifice to Ambition."

I was deeply impresed with some of the scenes in the recent motion picture "Cavalcade." At the beginning of the war the soldiers were shown going forth with the buoyancy of youth in the traditional manner of the glory of the battlefield. The scenes of the end of the war showed the soldiers staggering on, broken, disillusioned, scarcely able to carry the burden on.

It is the latter picture of war that should be impressed on the youth of the land. Alas! if we might also impress it more strongly upon the makers of war!

There is some comfort in the changed attitude of the present-day press. Magazines for children will not accept stories in which war is glorified in any way.

Our own attitude toward foreign nations has changed most decidedly since we have sorrowfully discovered that the war we frantically sold Liberty bonds to help pay for simply changed boundary lines a trifle but left selfish nationalistic desires much the same as they were before.

And with this knowledge in mind, what will we do if the call comes again for our loved ones? When the bands play and the flags wave and patriotic fervor runs high, with some queer paradoxical feeling of pride will we send them forth, perhaps to become the victims of bullets on which somebody has made a profit of three cents?

Pictures

By Estelle Webb Thomas

I like to see a willow tree
Adroop 'gainst a brick-red wall;
The leaden gray of a winter day,
And a pine tree straight and tall.
I like the sheen of a window screen,
A flow'ry curtain a billow,
A snowy bed where a little head
Has made a nest in the pillow.
But the dearest sight is a fire-lit night,
And my boys—one dark, one fair,
All freshly tubbed, and pinkly scrubbed,
Just kneeling to say their prayer.

What! No Vocation?

By Marba C. Josephson

SO you've no work? You're just a housewife?" From house to house the census man makes his rounds with these same words to the woman who as she answers him juggles an infant on her hip, keeps order among her other three babies, and has an eye to the stew which is on the stove.

Well, maybe he's right. I'm certain of one thing: being a house-wife isn't exactly an avocation either.

Dad comes home from the office, weary and ready for diversion. Junior romps in, grabs his hand, and says, "Dance with me; play bear; let's race!" Willingly the Man-boy plays for twenty minutes. "My, I wish I could be with Junior all day. Wouldn't it be fun?" he exults.

The only girl (no, it's not his wife now) runs, all smiles and dimples: "Isn't she adorable? She's so lovely; I'd love to play with her all the time."

AH, yes! But have you ever noticed this same Dad on a Sunday or a holiday? First of all, he's anxious for a little longer sleep than usual. Adorable sister comes to him. "Daddy, daddy, me seep wif you."

Sleepily he mumbles, "Oh, Mary, can't you take Rose in with you and let me sleep a little longer?"

A few minutes later Junior rushes at him. "Dad, let's play ball."

Impatient gutturals greet the exuberance of Junior. "Now, Junior, you know Daddy has to work hard all week. Let him sleep now. Run and see what Mother's getting for breakfast."

Two meals later, after Mother has sent the children to church, swept and dusted the house, bathed the baby, massaged Dad's thinning hair, Dad booms forth, "When Mother gets ready (which means washing dishes, cleaning up baby and herself, inspecting hands, necks, and ears of the rest of the family—Dad not excluded) we'll all go to the zoo."

If Mother dare say, "Please, John, you take them and let baby and me stay home," Dad acts hurt and says, "Why, I should think you'd love to get away from the house for awhile. You should be proud to go with such a fine family." So Mother hastens some more, and when she finally sinks into the car, she feels as if she would never rise again.

AFTER a luxurious walk of two miles in the park-zoo, pointing out bears, lions, tigers, and elephants, and trying to answer semi-intelligently just why bears are bears instead of being lions, Mother notices that Rose has vanished into thin air. Dad pooh-poohs any idea of her having been killed or kidnaped and says casually, "Mother, you stay right here with the others. I'll be back in a jiffy with Rose."

A half-hour passes. Mother is frantic. With baby in her arms, Junior holding her skirt (yes, it's long enough these days), and Phil dragging from Junior's limp clasp she retraces her steps. Nightmares of what could have happened to Rose precede her every footstep. At last she spies her, dancing around her dad, as he talks and laughs with a chance acquaintance. He chats on until Rose, weary of her captivity

again darts off. Dad catches her and comes to where Mother is vainly struggling to keep the remaining family intact.

"Well, now, Mother, you've enjoyed the outing, haven't you?" Dad roars joyously. "Let's buy some ice cream and go home to eat it."

Mother thinks, "Wouldn't it be nice if he'd get cones! That would save washing dishes."

They arrive home—the children tired, dusty, and hungry; Dad elated at the pleasure he has given; Mother humbly hoping that the children won't have stomach aches during the night from the great number and variety of Dad's treats.

DAD settles down to read a story that one of the fellows told him was the *best ever*. Junior flip flops over the rug and knocks Dad's book from his hands. "Junior, go to bed now. Mother'll get your pajamas for you."

Junior is tired but stubborn, "Aw, dang it. I don't want to go to bed. Why do I have to?"

Junior goes—prodded on by Dad's ungentle hand. Again Dad settles down, Junior isn't easily quelled, however, and war-whoop succeeds war-whoop until Dad shouts in exasperation, "Can't something be done with that child? He's driving me mad."

Mother battles, cajoles, and finally, if peace isn't in the home, at least an armistice has been declared.

Mother cleans the dishes, gathers up the clothes, turns off the unneeded lights, and takes one last peek at the babies. As she looks at them—cherubic in their sleep—all her weariness, her feeling of repression vanish—she has been made responsible for these priceless gifts from God.

Then she goes into the living-room where John is reading. He surely is handsome and good—the only man in the world. When he, feeling her eyes on him, glances up and says, "Mary, you're wonderful. I'm surely in love with you. You're a marvelous wife and mother," her heart is full to overflowing.

When he takes her in his arms and kisses her in the manner of their courting days, she thinks, "Oh, well, who cares about an old vocation, anyway?"

And she answers the census man serenely, "Yes, no vocation!"

When Sorrow Comes

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

THE poet tells us that "Life was not made for sorrow." Yet to all of us sooner or later, sorrow comes. Our problem is what are we going to do with our sorrow; or rather, perhaps, what are we going to let it do to us?

Before I had really been visited by sorrow, so short a time before that my memory has retained the circumstance, I was at a club meeting and overheard two women sitting near me talking of the woman who had given the paper to which we had been listening.

"I just can't understand Grace Penrod," one of them said. "How she could come out today and give that paper, so soon after her trouble is the biggest mystery to me."

I listened interestedly as I was a new-comer to the community, and had been intensely interested in the paper Mrs. Penrod had given, and also in the frail little woman herself, with her sweet, calm face and poise of manner.

"It was just the same after Dan died," the woman behind me continued in her confidential undertone. "Don't you remember? She just kept right on as though nothing had happened. It just doesn't seem naturally or humanly possible to me for a person to take sorrow like that." (I gathered also that neither did it seem humanly decent.) "Nell Empy used to say she thought Dan Penrod had at least deserved a few days of staying at home and mourning."

"And they seemed crazy about each other too, didn't they," the other said. "Well, when Nell's trouble came, she certainly went to the other extreme. She has never been the same since her baby's death. She didn't leave the house for months did she? And she talks about it all the time yet, and would give the impression that no one else in the world had ever had such a sorrow as she. Every place she goes she makes everyone feel as if they were at a funeral. People are afraid to say anything for fear she'll begin to cry."

"Yes I know," agreed the other speaker. "I feel so sorry for Ned and their kiddies. It must be terrible to live in that atmosphere of eternal gloom she creates in their home. I suppose that *is* worse than doing as Grace Penrod does. But it's how she does it that puzzles me."

IT was only a few days after this that the first tragedy of my life came crashing out of a blue sky over me. At first I was too stunned and bewildered to have any definite feelings. I couldn't believe that such a thing could have happened to *me*. Such sorrows came to others, of course; but somehow it had always seemed that my own life, *our lives* were different—more important as it were, and that tragedy was something entirely remote.

Then as the days went by, and stupefying numbness gave way to the intense pain of realization, when every word and object seemed to stab into a bleeding wound, when the whole world seemed so shrouded by the desolation in my own soul that it didn't seem to be at all the world I had lived in a few short days before, it was then that quite sudden

ly one day, I recalled the conversation I had overheard at the club meeting.

I found myself wondering what kind of woman Grace Penrod could be to be able to stand up before a roomful of friends and curious acquaintances and give a paper, and laugh and talk in a natural way, scarcely a week after the death of her only son.

It was that same day that Grace Penrod came to see me. I remember that I was lying in my darkened room as I had lain most of the time since my bereavement, living over each moment all the agonizing details of that brief sickness, of the futile efforts of doctors and nurses, of my own frantic prayers, and the administrations of God's servants.

She came in very quietly, but there was an air of—not cheer perhaps,—but of hope, about her. She didn't say a word for a few moments, but sat beside me and held my hand. I knew by the soft quiet pressure of her hands, that she understood what I was suffering, and though she was almost a stranger, I found myself clinging to her. (Some writer has spoken of the "brotherhood of sorrow" and I knew what he meant.)

Presently, without having said a word about my trouble, she asked:

"Will you come with me for a little while?"

I recoiled. I couldn't bear the thought of leaving my room, of going through the house with mute reminders stabbing me at every turn, of going out onto the street where I would see people going about as if nothing had happened.

She understood and said quietly:

"I know it will be hard; but I should like so much to have you come."

I was grateful that she didn't preach to me about "trying to be brave," and about "God's knowing best" and his "needing my loved one," and all those other trite well-meant themes with which those who have not suffered try to console us who have, and I found myself responding.

When we were in her car and had driven a short distance in silence, I caught sight of the red roof of an office building and began to weep convulsively. Grace Penrod reached over and patted my shoulder, but she did not urge me to stop.

She turned from town and drove out toward the canyon.

"We'll get a breath of cooler air," was all she said.

When I had partially gained control of myself, she began to talk. She didn't seem to be exactly talking to me; at least, I didn't feel the necessity of contributing to the conversation. We passed a white frame house covered with climbing roses, and she told me how interested Harriet Warner is in flowers and that she always takes dozens of prizes at the county and state fairs. We passed a low rambling stone house, set well back in a wide lot, and she told me that some day I must come with her to see Grandma Eliason who lives there with her adopted family of five children.

Finally when we were completely away from town and felt the coolness of the canyon, she talked of nature and how kind and friendly the mountains and rivers always seemed to her. Gradually I felt the tenseness of my body giving way to relaxation, and for the first time since my sorrow, I had a vague sense that perhaps there *were* some things in life that really didn't need to hurt me.

After awhile she turned around and we rode back to town.

She drove to a little side street and

stopped before a small brown cottage.

"It was here I wanted you to come with me," she said. "I have some things for Pap Goodwin. He looks for me every Thursday. Will you come in with me?"

We found Pap on the north side of the house. He was white-haired and toothless. His body was bent like a broken tree and he limped as he came hobbling toward us. But that was not all. His faded old eyes had the look of a child and he laughed meaninglessly as he reached for the box of fruit and cookies Grace Penrod gave him.

We stayed but a few moments, while the old man told Grace, in a thin, high voice, of a mine he had in California that was pouring out millions of dollars worth of ore. "'I have just received a car-load of money this morning," he shrilled. "You must have some of it Gracie. You are so good to me." Feebly the old man bent down and picked up a handful of pebbles which he pressed into Mrs. Penrod's hands.

As we went back to the car, Grace brushed her eye-lashes.

"It is hard to realize that he was once a successful banker, respected and loved by everyone in this community," she said almost under her breath.

Neither of us spoke until we had reached my curb. I was still thinking of the pathetic figure of that tottering old man, once a bank president and a respected citizen; now a burden to those who cared for him. Grace Penrod was thinking of him too. And she was also thinking of her boy who had been taken in his splendid youth, and she was thinking of my loved one who had gone in the very prime of life, for she said:

"It seems too bad that all the trees in a forest can't be cut down while they are straight and tall and beautiful."

A SHORT time after this I asked Grace Penrod to tell me how she had gained a philosophy of life which could make her go on living and being interested in life as she seemed to be in spite of the sorrows that had come to her—some of them sorrows worse even than death.

"My philosophy is simple," she replied. "I follow one little rule, Whenever I find myself feeling sorry for myself and wanting to shut myself up and brood over my troubles, I make myself do something; I make myself search out someone who is suffering or needs help, and I try to do some little kindness to that person. In other words, I follow the simple gospel of *doing*. This practice has brought me, if not happiness, at least contentment and peace."

A Mother's Reverie

By Emma Rigby Coleman

I love to rock to lullaby-land
My little daughter fair,
And sometimes it takes just one little song
To set her a-dreaming there.
But at other times her mother must sing
All the sweet lullabies that she knows,
Before baby dances with fairies at brooks
Where the beautiful lily grows.

I see on her face the innocent smile
Of one full of trust divine.
She knows I am watching with eagerness
To protect her all of the time;
For as she slumbers, I hear my name
Often pass her tiny lips,
And I think, perhaps she has lost her way
On one of her lullaby trips.

Oh, Father in Heaven, my calling brings joy
To my youthful mother-heart.
I am grateful that for this mission of love
Woman-kind has been set apart.
May my thoughts never wander from virtue's path
But always keep pure and sweet,
That in guiding the children placed in my care
They may live life's joy complete!

Wash Day Reverie

By Irene McCullough

Have you ever done a washing
And hung it on the line?
If you really haven't,
You're missing something fine.

All those white fine linens
Out on dress parade,
Swaying with the breezes
Stern and unafraid.

Then silks and dainty lingerie
So shy and neat and trim,
Bowing their heads in modesty
For fear of meeting him.

Next comes an array of ginghams
In a gorgeous color scheme,
Vieing with each other
And growing stiff with self-esteem.

By two and two comes marching
Like soldiers on review
An army of straight legged stockings
Of every size and hue.

Last, but still quite useful,
Their dignity all gone,
Are strung a row of dusters
Who feel they have been wronged.

The Path That Leads to Home

By Merling D. Clyde

There's a little light a'shining
Down the path that leads to home;
'Tis a beacon that is calling
All the loving ones that roam.
And it keeps my feet from straying
In the path that leads to sin;
For I know a welcome's waiting—
Waiting there for me within.
And the shadow of my loved ones
Dear are coming to and fro;
Baby face pressed to the window:
"Seeing Daddy first," you know.
Oh the path that is the dearest
Is the one that leads to home,
Where the light comes down the pathway
And I care no more to roam.
Oh, the portal may be humble
To that little house that's mine,
Yet it's greater than a mansion
Where no chords of love entwine.
For a home is where our dear ones
Stay and wait our coming there.
Where the lovelight streams to meet us
Where we drop our load of care.
Then the night comes down in quiet,
And we breathe a silent prayer
That souls we know are storm tossed
May in peace our haven share.

Riches

By Helen M. Livingston

Of all my pleasures in life the best
I store away in a treasure chest,
It's getting fuller for every day
I am finding things to store away.

A sunset rare, the song of a bird,
A friend's dear look, or a little word.
My treasure chest and I never part
For I have it hidden in my heart.

When I am old I'll sit in the sun
And count o'er my treasures one by one.
Oh I would not change for all your gold
My treasure chest of memories old.

My Baby

By Josephine Gardner Moench

What, though I passed through the shadow of death,
What, though in agony paid,
A life brimming over with sunshine and joy
Your coming for me has made.

Patterns

By A. H. C.

JIM was past sixty, and according to Ma Carlton, was much too old to be learning new tricks. But Anne was insistent. Just because a man had never acquired the habit of putting away his own bedroom slippers or of making himself a ham sandwich was no reason why it couldn't be done.

Now Jim Carlton was fully aware of his principal vice. In his earlier years he had been teasingly admonished by a fond wife, and more recently had been reminded by two daughters with more than playful irony. But Jim had a sense of humor. He did not particularly resent their reproofs, and certainly felt no inclination toward reform. It was his opinion that a man had no business fiddling about the house. Besides, it rather agreed with his sense of proportion to have his clothes put out for him or put away.

"Collar buttons are too darn small to be found in a dresser drawer," he would remark good-humoredly every Sunday morning, and Ma Carlton would bring forth the necessary accessories saying,

"Where's your eyes, Jim!" and then, "Hadn't you better wear another tie today, being it's Church you're going to?"

To Jim ties were simply ties—a somewhat superfluous appendage. Why should one worry over color or design, as if there weren't plenty of important matters for a man to worry about. Besides, he rather liked her choice; he liked the way she adjusted the tilt of his hat, brushed dust from coat lapels or straightened the knot of his tie. He liked the way she buttered his toast every morning. And though he wore an attitude of calm indifference throughout, the fine lines about his blue eyes contributed to the queer smile which was his only expression of gratitude. Jim never talked much; he was that way. But Mary Carlton understood and did not ask for more.

THEN the letter arrived. Amy had been ill and was wondering if mother couldn't just spend a month of visiting with her during the summer. Amy was her mother's girl alright—Jim Carlton wiped his eyes and nose with one swish of his handkerchief, pretending a sneeze, as he read the letter.

"There ain't no question 'bout it, Ma, you'll have to go."

Mrs. Carlton was more hesitant. For forty years she had lived in Maplegrove, never traveling beyond the limits of the county. For forty years she had managed the Carlton household, attending duties connected with the rearing of six children, and the thought of picking-up and vacating right in fruit-bottling season was a serious one. Besides, who would take care of Jim?

"Why I will, you silly dear," Anne said on her return from college the following week.

"But you've promised—"

"Course I promised Sal I'd stay nights with her mother while she's away at summer-school. Just nights, Mom — I'll be home most of the day."

Ann propped the hand mirror against a stack of books on the dining table and eyed her face critically. She winced a little as the tweezers brought out a truant hair from her

pink lid. Then moistening her forefinger upon her tongue, she ran it smoothingly along the dark brows to their tapering ends.

"Anne, I wish you wouldn't do that. Your eyebrows are plenty good enough as they are."

Anne smiled, and with a playful gesture hastened,

Now, Mom, you aren't going to be old-fashioned, too. I'd expect it from dad, but you're more modern. Besides, there wasn't a single Frosh who didn't have hers arched just so. It's the mode—the current pattern."

Mrs. Carlton settled helplessly in her chair. How many times in the past two days had she heard those words, "not a single Frosh." "There's simply no use, Anne," she said in tones of firm finality, "I can't go to Amy."

"Why not?"

"Your father's never cooked a meal in his life and he's too old to be learning new tricks."

"Nonsense, Mother, this idea of being too old to learn things. I've heard of people much older than—"

"Was they men folks?" Mrs. Carlton's interruption evinced strong doubt.

Anne's laughter was genuine. "Course they were, Mom." Then seriously, "It's merely a matter of mental patterns."

"Of what?"

"Neural patterns, Mother, over which the response to stimuli must flow," Anne repeated bookishly. "Daddy simply hasn't developed any —not in this field of activity, and being older it will be a little more difficult to establish the pattern. But it can be done."

Mrs. Carlton eyed her daughter skeptically above the silver rims of her spectacles. Patterns! Could it be that Anne was a little—no, she couldn't allow such a thought. Still the older children had never gotten such ridiculous stuff at high school.

"Well anyway," Anne went on, "We'll apply the stimulus by letting the gentleman in question get his own breakfast. After a few trials, he'll form the necessary pattern and the trick's done."

"I'm sure I don't know what on earth you're talking about, Anne, but I'd be tempted to go if I thought he'd do it, and not go down to the Seed Store every morning without a bite. Your father's not so young now and it seems to me he's been losing weight this spring."

"Bunk. You're stewing, Mom. If you've pictured coming home after two months to find Dad a walking skeleton, please turn the slide. I wager he'll be as weighty as ever when you return."

"You don't know your father like I do—he simply isn't handy about the house. And I've often said he'd starve most to death with bread in the can if there wasn't someone there to fix it for him."

"He's always had you here to do the fixing, that's the trouble."

"Yes, me or the girls."

"He likes it, Mom. He's got a complex for having you baby him."

"A what?"

"An over emphasized mental pattern, my dear," Anne said, glorying in the display of her newly acquired scholastic information. "Inhibited here and overdeveloped there."

More patterns! Mrs. Carlton groped helplessly in the maze of unheard of phraseology.

"Putting all these pattern things aside, do you suppose, Anne, that you could get things ready for your father's breakfast?"

"Sure I could—put the krispies on the table every night."

"And an egg, Anne — they're nourishing." She hesitated. "Sounds impossible, Anne, but your father's never fried an egg in his life."

"He doesn't need to fry them, boiling's easier. I'll put one in the kettle every night." Anne was not to be defeated by so frail an argument. "You're not going to stay at home, Mary Elizabeth Carlton, on account of a silly old egg."

"If I was just sure he'd do it, Anne."

"Of course he will, just leave it to me to establish a pattern for boiling eggs."

It was evident from the tone of her voice, that Mrs. Carlton was weakening in the direction of personal desire. She wanted the vacation, wanted to see Amy, her eldest daughter, and after all, Anne must be right. It wasn't so difficult to get a bit of breakfast if things "was set."

AND such a trip it was for Mary Carlton—this riding in a fast train in which beds were made by joining seat backs together! She wasn't so sure she liked the idea of sleeping in a stuffy car with so many folks, and porters rummaging around among the baggage.

A telegram from Amy informed Jim of Mrs. Carlton's safe arrival, and thereafter came frequent missives describing the wonders of the coastal metropolis. Such ships! And such unbelievably high buildings! Jim would just have to see them himself. But always there was anxiety concerning Jim's breakfast.

Anne's reply was crisp—telegramic. "Don't worry, Mom. Dad's fine. Consumes egg daily. Moreover, he's become a real asset to kitchen management, even clears dishes away. The pattern is firmly established."

THREE weeks later Mary Carlton returned. Jim met her at the station and they rode home in the old Ford. Jim was more talkative than usual—he had missed her alright. Heaven only knew how he had counted the weeks, but as Mrs. Carlton eyed him critically she knew that Anne was right.

"I win, don't I?" from Anne the next morning as she teasingly kissed her mother's flushed cheeks. "But proof of the pudding's in the tasting. Dad's going to boil the eggs this morning, aren't you, Dad?"

Jim's face took on a peculiarly whimsical expression — an expression akin to humor but mingled with disapproval as if he were being forced to reveal a secret he had preferred keeping to himself.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't . . . that is . . ."

"Course you can suit us. You know it all — boiling water — gas turned off. Why, you've done it all summer."

"I'm not quite sure you folks'd like them the way I've done them all summer." He ran his fingers through his thinning gray hair.

"You see, I didn't cook them eggs at all. They're darn good jest beaten up well, with a sprinkle of salt!"

Treasures

By Eunice J. Miles

My little children's faces,
How dear they are to me,
Abrim with shining wonder at all they hear and see.

My little children's questions,
How quaint they are, and queer,
More curiousness they hold than could be answered in a year.

My little children's voices,
I'd hear them call to me
E'en were I poised on the far-flung brink of a vast eternity.

His Father's Son

By Ivy Williams Stone

Chapter II

MAY slipped into June and the anxiety in the Haven home was partially dispelled by the urgent necessity of long hours of toil. Esther found her self-imposed task of taking over the irrigating a real job, and with her feet slipping about in the boots that had belonged to Oliver, she plodded over the fields, working far into the night. Father Haven doubled his own tasks, while Mother Haven took over all the separating and the care of the hatching chickens. All this time Kareen, carefree and idle, came often to the Haven home.

"Esther," she pleaded, "if you will leave the parlor unlocked so I can play one hour, I'll watch your baby chickens the rest of the day."

"And you would let them drown in the ditch," retorted Esther none too graciously.

"Then I'll wash and iron. Or maybe I could cook the bread. I wish I could have gone to Cuba. Palm trees and waves, banners and march music! Richard promised to bring me something that will make music. Something for myself—that duenna cannot take away from me."

"I do not care what the boys *bring home,*" sighed Esther, "I only want them to come. The Spaniards have better guns and smokeless powder. They have barbed wire twisted a thousand different ways to trip our boys. Barbed wire," she repeated, "like Richard and Oliver used on our new fences. The Spaniards are trained soldiers and our men are farmers."

WITH July came the news of *The Oregon's* marvelous speed around South America and the wonderful part she took in the defeat of Cervera's fleet. Came also disquieting reports of the battle of San Juan, the lack of food for the soldiers with resultant malnutrition and ravaging fevers.

"It isn't the bullets of the Spaniards that are killing our boys," Father Haven spoke rarely but this time with portent, "it is the fever. A young doctor named Walter Reed has proved it is carried by a deadly mosquito. The villian bites an infected person and then carries the germ to another. The Government is figuring on calling the volunteers home and replacing them with men from the south, who are used to malaria. I want my boys home for harvest. The wheat is in the dough now."

ON August 12th the entire nation was overjoyed at the news that peace negotiations had been signed. The fact that on this date the Hawaiian Islands were formally accepted as a territory of the United States was hardly commented upon. The boys were coming home.

Esther now sang at her work. The rows of preserves on the cellar shelves increased every day; the nights of irrigating were no longer a task; the shovel no longer chafed her shoulder. She had only one regret; she had been obliged to put away the precious quilts, even the beautiful "Wild Rose" pattern still lay unfinished, and Oliver's gift of red cloth was still uncut. But he

would soon be home, then the beloved work could be renewed with greater incentive. Every self respecting bride should have at least twenty hand made quilts for her dowry!

KAREEN came dancing into the Haven home early one morning, noisily crunching a long slender green vegetable. "I just picked it from the vines," she cried gaily, "and I have a letter from Richard. He is bringing me a mantilla and a ..... You play it with your mouth, so," and she danced about the room making almost musical notes with her fingers near her mouth.

"Kareen," cried Esther in genuine consternation, "that cucumber will poison you, fresh picked that way. It has to lay all night in salt water to wash out the poison."

"Pooh," scoffed Kareen, taking another generous bite, "that is superstition. Duenna says all vegetables should be eaten raw. She makes a dish of raw cabbage that is called *salad*. I'll bring you some."

BY the end of August, when the binders were beginning to drop sheaves of golden ripe wheat, Richard Haven came home.

"Now, Father, Mother," he hastened to allay the unasked question of his parents, "Oliver will come later. We couldn't all come at once. There weren't ships enough. I saw him ten days ago—he still has two eyes—two ears—two arms—two legs—you're not to worry," he finished with a laugh that was much too cheerful. *"I'm here for threshing!"*

Richard was tanned to a deep bronze and perfectly well. Due to his great vitality and the years of hard farm labor, he had resisted the dread plague. The villagers gave him a welcome home party in the meeting house, and the girls all wore little celluloid flags in their hair. For the first time in her life Kareen's hair was bound with a restraining blue ribbon, and unasked she sang the patriotic song that had just sprung into popuplarity, "Just As the Sun Went Down." With her shoulders thrown back and her eyes looking far beyond the little room into immeasurable space she sang as a true artist. As her clear, sweet tones swept into the chorus every woman in the room was openly weeping and the men were feeling for hidden handkerchiefs.

"One thought of mother at home alone
Feeble and old and gray.
One of the sweetheart he'd left in town
Happy and young and gay;
One kissed a locket of thin gray hair
One kissed a lock of brown
Bidding each other a last farewell
Just as the sun went down."

Richard passed around a box of curios. The Mausser gun with its brass cartridges was a thing to shrink from; the stiletto, captured from a Cuban ambush was cruel; the mantillas of bright red and blue silk were to be admired. But the mothers, who had sent their sons forth in the cause of liberty for a downtrodden race gasped in astonishment when Richard displayed packages of tiny cigarettes, specially fashioned for the fastidious Cuban women! "Too terrible to look at," chorused the women, and Mrs. Haven openly declared that she would not display them on her what-not.

That night Richard Haven took the star eyed Kareen home to the little house where she and duenna lived in semi-seclusion. "The women of Cuba were dusky looking, sort of as though they needed baths. I did not see one beautiful fair blonde like you. O Kareen," he cried passionately, "you beautiful, beautiful

child. Tell me you will marry me?"

"What did you bring me to play on?" queried Kareen unmindful that a man of slow emotion had laid bare his deepest feelings. "You promised something that would play." Forth from his pocket Richard drew a small dark object, shaped like a sweet potato. "They play it somehow with their fingers and lips. Like our mouth organs, I guess. I saw an old castle being ransacked and all the furniture burning in a pile in the street. There was a guitar going up in smoke, but we soldiers dared not recover one object."

Kareen seized upon the small object as though her life depended upon its function. She ran it experimentally over her lips once or twice, then there came forth upon the pastoral night air soft sweet, weird notes; plaintive music, that stirred one's soul. With the blue mantilla over her blonde curls, Kareen was irresistible.

"You play it better than the natives," cried Richard reaching for the elusive girl whose body swayed with the rhythm she created. "Tell me, Kareen, that you will marry me?"

"If you will let me play the piano in your mother's parlor every day," parried Kareen, "the world was made for music!"

THE next day Richard Haven announced briefly to his parents that he intended to marry Kareen, if *duenna* were willing. But Father Haven, his hands fumbling, his face pale with fear, was trying to open the yellow envelope of a telegram. "Give it to me Father," Mrs. Haven spoke with the composure which comes to women in moments of dire distress. "Remember, I am his parent too."

"Your son Oliver Haven will not be discharged from government care until his facial wound is entirely healed at the convalescent barricks in Long Island."

"U. S. War Dept."

"I knew, but I couldn't tell," confessed Richard. "He isn't hurt very bad. You see, Father, those Spaniards had better guns than ours and their smokeless powder gave them a terrible advantage. You couldn't see the snipers, and one of them, *guerilla warfare,* they call it, got Oliver from ambush. He was hit in the nose."

Esther, who had been hanging her precious quilts on the line for an airing, had slipped quietly into the room. She now stood silently behind Mother Haven's chair her smooth black hair framing a face of Madonna like placidity.

"If anything should happen, if it should be that Oliver isn't to return to us, Richard," Father Haven spoke as though the wishes of individuals must be subordinated to the necessity of carrying on the family name, "I should want you to marry our Esther. She's been a daughter to us all ever since we took her, and a daughter she must stay."

Richard flushed. "'But Father, Oliver will return," he began, manifestly ill at ease, but here the soft voiced Esther interrupted.

"Father Haven, I am plighted to Oliver. I shall await his return." She turned suddenly and hurried out to the clotheslines. There the thirteen gay, beautiful quilts, representative of years of her leisure, were carefully folded and carried back to the chest in the attic. The little bags of lavender which she had ready to lay between them were cast aside, and in their stead Esther put an over supply of moth balls.

RICHARD HAVEN sat on the edge of a stiff chair in the "parlor" of the little house at the end of

the land. *Duenna,* as she was known to all the village, sat opposite him, a plain severe woman in black dress and white cap. Kareen had been sent out, for once unadmonished about her behavior.

"I wish to marry her," Richard did not parry nor quibble. "I will build her a good home, near my people. We will always live here. We will always be farmers."

"I must obey orders," the answer was almost a whisper as the lady in black nervously pleated and unpleated little folds in her voluminous skirt. "Her grandfather ordered that I should see her properly married to the first honest farmer who asked her hand in marriage. You are the first," she finished with a finality that indicated a mission discharged.

"Then it is settled?" asked Richard, rising.

"Not yet. Come with me." She took him into another room, which she unlocked with a key from her pocket. "In this room are certain things pertaining to the early life of Kareen and that of her parents. If, after veiwing them, you still desire to marry her, I shall discharge my obligation to her grandfather."

In a large trunk, which she unlocked with still another key, there lay a violin case, shiny and old with age. *Duenna* unlocked a black *"strong box,"* displaying portraits, of a young woman who might have been Kareen in different garb. There were papers with notarial seals and portentious but undecipherable signatures. There was a gold framed portrait of an austere old man, with bristling whiskers, his chest covered with medals and military insignia. "These," said the duenna, with awed, respectful tones, making an unconscious obeisance to the portrait in gold, "These are the portraits of Kareen's mother and grandfather. She has never seen them. She is not to see them until long after she is a mother. Her real name is Kareen Olga Marie Christiana," here the duenna cupped her hands and whispered a strange foreign name into the ear of the American farmer. Then she drew back, watching his face intently. She had expected him to be nonplussed at the knowledge which she had conveyed. Instead she herself registered surprise at his imperturbability.

"I love Kareen," answered Richard Haven simply, to whom Castles in Spain or Egypt were as nothing compared to his beautiful fields and purebred cattle. "Kareen cannot help her birth. She did not have the choosing of her parents or grandparents. In spite of all you have told me, I still intend to marry her."

(*To be continued*)

CLOUD SCENE AT YELLOWSTONE

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Miracles Do Happen

By Claire Stewart Boyer

Characters:
Ann Cowan (Hesitant).
Rebecca James (Bitter).
Place: At Ann's Home.

Scene 1. 1926, at rise of curtain Ann and Rebecca seated in rockers near small table. *Rebecca* (in discouraging voice): It's no use, Ann! Anyway you look at it it's all wrong! We women haven't a chance. It's just as hard as it was in pioneer days—only it's different. We work from dawn till dusk just the same and Saturday night we're not ready for the beginning of a new week at all. We're not even ready for Sunday.

Ann: No, I can't say I really enjoy looking forward to Sunday. There's usually so many odds and ends to finish up I can't even get to church.

Rebecca: I don't know that you miss much. They just tell us we should spend more time reading the Bible, and goodness knows that's impossible. Why I can hardly find a minute to call my own and I spend hours thinking of the kind deeds I'd like to do (pause) and then never find time to do them.

Ann: Well, I guess we should do more for each other—we're not as thoughtful as we should be.

Rebecca: You're the only one I even neighbor with. And then it's usually because I want a good cry and your's such a sympathetic soul.

Ann: Yes, this old table *has* seen many a cry.

Rebecca: Well there's a great pleasure in being able to have someone to cry to. I don't know what I'd do without you. There's times when I just can't keep myself from —(choking)—

Ann: Yes, I know.

Rebecca: Now, there's Calvin! We named him after President Coolidge, and he just won't talk. Can't get a word out of him. It worries me terribly, but there's nothing to do—unless we change his name.

Ann: Perhaps we worry too much, Rebecca.

Rebecca: Nonsense, this life is just a series of stepping stones made of worry going over a river of trouble. There's no use, Ann, you'll have to admit it. (She wipes her eyes.)

Ann: Well of course it's mostly sacrifice—sacrifice of pleasure and doing the things you want most to do, but—

Rebecca: Well I'm tired of sacrifice—it's never appreciated. I go without clothes and—

Ann: Yes, I know, and then we lose interest in keeping our hair neat and in being charming around home. Look at us!

Rebecca: (Rises in a huff) Well, I didn't come here to be criticized, Ann. I get enough of that at home.

Ann: Sit down, Becky.

Rebecca: (Calming herself) Even the children are correcting me now. I don't talk to suit them. I suppose I shan't be good enough for them in a few years.

Ann: You know sometimes, Rebecca, I wonder if it's our own fault.

Rebecca: No, dear, it's just our Fate.

Ann: But that's a terrible hopelessly way of looking at life.

Rebecca: Look here, Ann, there's something wrong with you this

morning; you're not at all like yourself. You usually coincide with all I say and today you're a doubting Thomas.

Ann: Yes, Rebecca, there is something wrong. I've been thinking a lot lately. I remember when I was a girl about Judy's age. I couldn't get my sewing machine to go and when I told mother there was something the matter with the machine she saw my impatience, smiled and said, "It is not the matter with the machine, it's the matter with the girl." Perhaps the world appears all wrong because we are wrong. Perhaps the matter is with us.

Rebecca: Ann, I don't know what's come over you—we're middle aged,—you must remember that. It would take a miracle to change us.

Ann: I still believe in miracles, don't you?

Rebecca: I don't know.

(*Quick Curtain*)

Scene 2. Five years later.

Ann (Beautifully groomed and humming a bit of a song) goes to door and returns happily with a letter—opens it—sits and starts to read —knock at door. She puts the letter in her pocket and goes to door.

Ann: (Gracious and vibrant) Why, Rebecca, when did you get back? Come in.

Rebecca: (Much the same) Well, I must apologize (noticing Ann's dress) for coming like this but I just had to come. Why, Ann, you're so different! Five years have—really—you're not the same at all.

Ann: I'm glad of that. Sit down.

Rebecca: Well I don't know that *I* am. You seem almost a stranger (looking around), you've evidently done well in the last five years.

Ann: Oh, not so well financially but a little better in other ways.

Rebecca: What other way?

Ann: Just living, Rebecca.

Rebecca: Are you talking in parables?

Ann: Probably. Miracles and parables aren't so hard to understand.

Rebecca: Well I don't know as I can tell you what I came for—

Ann: Surely you can, friends are friends, aren't they.

Rebecca: Yes, but they seem to change.

Ann: Well, everything changes, Rebecca—but as long as it's not for the worse.

Rebecca: Well things have changed for the worse for us. You know I sent Calvin away to school. He never was a hand to talk you remember. I thought maybe if he were lonesome he'd pour out his heart to me in letters. But he hasn't, he's written seldom and I've worried.

Ann: Hasn't he been getting along all right?

Rebecca: Oh, yes, he's been doing wonderful work. But I couldn't be sure—

Ann: We've got to be sure—we mothers must have faith in them. Judith knows I have absolute faith in her and she seems to want to live up to it.

Rebecca: Well it wasn't so bad until this morning. Ann, my heart's broken! (She sobs.)

Ann: My dear (she comes over and puts her arm around Rebecca).

Rebecca: (Through her sobs) He's fallen in love!

Ann: That's natural.

Rebecca: Natural! Ann Cowan, how can you be so hard-hearted!

Ann: I'm not hard-hearted. I'm just reasonable. I've learned to look a situation in the face and try to solve it straightforwardly. We used to make ourselves believe the world was wrong, Rebecca. I know now it lies with us.

Rebecca: Ann (suddenly), have you been psychoanalyzed?

Ann: No. Except as I've analyzed myself.

Rebecca: What have you been doing since I left that has made you so sure of yourself?

Ann: I've been studying personality and it's made me over.

Rebecca: No wonder you seem so different. Still I can't believe you'd be so sure if you were in my place. With Judith at home—

Ann: Judith isn't at home.

Rebecca: She isn't?

Ann: She's away at school, too.

Rebecca: Why, Ann! Then tell me what to do about Calvin. You seem to have the power to master any situation.

Ann: I think I'd write him back the happiest, longest, lovingest letter I could and tell him to bring the girl home in June.

Rebecca: Oh, Ann, you've — (squares her shoulders) you've done something for me that I can't explain—but I can appreciate it. I came here for a good cry but—well perhaps we can both laugh now. Tell me about Judith.

Ann: Well, she's away at the State College—

Rebecca: Why, that's where Calvin is!

Ann: Really? Here's a letter I just received. I'll read it (she takes letter from her pocket). "Dearest mother, all that you have taught me about life has now a new meaning, a more glorious meaning, a more living beauty. I can't keep the secret any longer—I'm engaged to Calvin James—"

Rebecca: Ann! (Jumps up and goes to back of chair."

Ann: Rebecca—(she wipes her eyes and reads) "We are coming home in June to be married. If you and Calvin's mother are willing—" (she pauses). Well, Rebecca, I guess we've met our problem together.

Rebecca: And I never would have had the strength to solve it if it hadn't been for you. Judith must be proud of you. Do—do you think you could help me change—it would be a miracle if I could see life as you do.

Ann: I'll take you to meeting this very afternoon. It's personality day.

Rebecca: I'm so glad. I wonder if a miracle could happen to me? (Head up, with hope.)

A SCENE IN THE UINTAHS OF UTAH

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

THE tapestried glory of the hills, the fragrant tang of garnered fruits, the rustle of the fallen leaves bespeak the gladness of October days.

LENA MADESIN PHILLIPS, president of the National Council of Women, sees danger signals and has issued a warning to women to battle for their rights. In the present economic distress the first move seems to be to oust women from both public and private employment. She protests such injustice.

MRS. LOUISE Y. ROBISON, president of the Relief Society, was present at the protest mass meeting held in the Sorbonne, Paris, when women delegates from many nations united in claiming equal privileges for women in employment and professions.

DOROTHY THOMPSON LEWIS, newspaper correspondent, was officially ordered out of Germany because in 1931 she wrote an adverse impression of Mr. Hitler.

DR. CAROLINE MILLS DAVIS who recently died was dearly loved for her broad charities and tender ministrations as well as her professional services.

KATHLEEN NORRIS' book, "Victoria: A Book to be Read," gives glimpses of England's beloved queen from childhood to extreme old age. The play as the title indicates is not written for the stage.

E. M. DELAFIELD'S "Provincial Lady in America," like her English "Provincial Lady," has greatly amused literary circles on both sides of the ocean.

MARGUERITE CAMERON, a former Utahn, has written a book, "Discovering Los Angeles," which will be used as a textbook in the Los Angeles schools.

MRS. JESSIE EWART HOUSE and Miss Phyllis McGinley, two Utah women, have each published a volume of poems this fall.

MISS ALAIDA BOWLER has been appointed supervisor to the scattered Indian tribes of northern Nevada and superintendent of the Carson Indian school. As the "First Woman Indian Superintendent" she adds a new chapter to an already colorful career.

DR. FLORENCE E. MEIER, young woman scientist of the Smithsonian Institute, has discovered eight kinds of "killer" rays among the ultra-violet ray family which might affect the destiny of the human race. Her discovery is important in the study of how the different kinds of rays can aid or injure living things.

MISS HELEN JACOBS, of Berkeley, Calif., for the third successive year, has won the women's national tennis championship. With this year's victory, Miss Jacobs equals the record of the tennis favorite, Helen Wills Moody, and gains permanent possession of the championship challenge cup.

THE MARTIN JOHNSONS during their twenty months' air expedition through the dark continent discovered an African tribe of lake dwellers who believed themselves to be the only human beings on earth. Was this blissful ignorance?

The Fountain of Truth

By Virginia C. Nelson

FROM the man who bites his finger nails to the woman who always clears her throat before speaking, each of us has annoying habits of which even our best friends hesitate to tell us. The reason probably is that our friends have grown so accustomed to these outlandish mannerisms that they have become immune to their annoyance, and the habit, like the drip of a leaky faucet, soon fails to grate upon one's sensibilities. There are times when we see our friends and their failings in their true light; the times when we introduce the friends to a new group and become embarrassingly aware of their singularities; times when we run across friends after an absence of years and are unfavorably impressed with their peculiarities; or there are times when friends decide to run for political offices and elective positions, during which time the idiosyncrasies are aired, instead of spared.

There are so many types of irregularities, that most everyone is guilty of some unbecoming mannerism or habit. It may be that of a raspy voice, a gauche walk, the trite use of slang, a face twitching, or a tendency to nudge. Some women peer over their spectacles in "a la celebrity" manner. Some men sniff, snort and snuffle and otherwise forget the uses of polite society. Some people have a habit of interrupting and never letting the speaker finish his remarks. Others annoy by answering questions not addressed to them, or sit in groups, nodding their heads, as though everything spoken, was directed especially to themselves. There are women who like to finger their beads or pat their fur neckpieces. All these habits have a way of becoming very obvious and irritating in either small groups or large audiences.

Even to prate of these small things may seem like "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel," when there are sins like dishonesty and laziness. But these little freak things often count for happiness or unhappiness.

If it were only the mode to give and receive hints about individual pecularities at the moment of introduction to a stranger, how vivid would be the reactions! Just supposing I should remark to a new acquaintance, "I hope, my dear, that if we are to see a great deal of each other, you will not allow your mouth to sag down that away," and she should in turn reply, "It's a very kind of you to call it to my attention. In turn, may I suggest that your laugh is a trifle wheezy and not at all a good index of the charming personality I am sure you possess!"

THAT these idiosyncrasies are remediable is proved by the fact that the possession of them is confined largely to the adults. In childhood and adolescence those freakish faults are weeded out quickly and painlessly by other members of the "gang" or crowd. A child, for instance, who has a lisp, a mincing walk, a quaintness of costume, or has quirks of language habit is hooted and mimicked by the rest of the neighborhood until either he leaves off his eccentricities, falls in line and conforms to a pattern; or he becomes a pariah. Children have a

horror of seeming odd or peculiar. And they have refreshing frankness in spotting and revealing an aberration in others. It is the peculiarities which most often form the basis of a dislike in the child for a teacher. Children are adept in picking out flaws in their pedagogues and nicknaming them accordingly. "Squinty," "Goggle--Eyes," "Plodding Pete," "Windy Dan" and "The Oil Can" are examples of the epithets they bestow, in emphasis of their mannerisms. I saw a six year old child, the other day, imitating the walk of each teacher in her school, and I was able to recognize each one by her portrayal.

In the case of adolescents, their tendencies to gaze into mirrors for long periods of time (if we are to believe Booth Tarkington), plus their proneness to idolize and copy the superbly mannered and gesticulated Hollywood stars, have a way of eliminating the unbecoming habits and molding them into patterns of pleasing perfection. If the youth is not influenced by the screen, there are still initiations and truth parties, where plain, unvarnished truth comes in at the front door and sensitivity and regard for personal feelings scuttle out at the rear.

Adults seem, at least in the matter of "bizarrerie" to be in a class by themselves. Good manners prevent frankness in revealing to each other freakish habits. Unlike youths, they are quite satisfied with themselves and have not the inclination, in the majority of cases, to emulate Hollywood. They are likely to go their ways serene and unrebuked unless something radical is done about it.

WELL, if children can correct weird mannerisms in other children, why not let them begin giving hints to their parents? The idea of parent perfection and unquestioned ancestor worship is rather out of date, anyway. So the solution it occurs to me is to cultivate the opinions of one's off-spring and then catalogue the reports. The truth will out! If bashfulness, self-consciousness or "previous condition of servitude" should restrain them, then just wait till some black moment when you force them to go contrary to your wishes and they'll burst forth with a perfect imitation of your voice and person, and your shortcomings will be a sacred secret no longer.

The salutary effect of a child's point of view upon one was impressed upon me one day at a college football game. In the grandstand on the row in front of me sat a small five or six year old girl, in whom interest for the game so lagged, that before the end of the first half, she had completely reversed her position, and remained facing me for the rest of the afternoon. There, with her feet perched up comfortably in front of her, and her small, snub-nosed face imperturbedly not missing an expression of mine, she was quite frankly enjoying herself and being calmly entertained by my reactions. Whenever I cheered, she mimicked me in a flat, unemotional way that made it look ridiculous. When I agonized or held my breath in suspense, my physical peculiarities and unbecoming facial expressions were mirrored to the point of caricature in her small, freckled face. She never missed a sound or a gesture or failed to echo it. By the end of the afternoon I felt chastened and toned down, but invigorated in the way one is after a dose of a good tonic.

IT may be that mirror-paneled rooms and more work with the

recording of one's voice will take care of these adult specific shortcomings. Television may be the solution to our unconformities in much the same way as radio has smoothed out our faults of diction, idiom, accent and tonal quality. It may be that courses in esthetic dancing, and training in dramatics will erase the undesirable. But the easiest, least expensive and surest way of hitting the target of one's weakness, it seems to me, is to get it straight from a child. As the old soap advertisement used to read, "Have you a little fairy in your home?"

Crying for Nothing

By Eva Wangsgard

"OUT of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh forth wisdom," quoted my father who was a small town lawyer but a truly great psychologist. I was worried about my first baby and had asked his advice. In those days, the family physician could tell a mother what to do for an ill baby but was utterly indifferent if she asked him about the care of a well one. I had just received a pamphlet from the state health department informing me that a babe of that age should be on a three hour schedule and ours was on a two hour one. Father said, "Study the baby. He came to you with all the wisdom of the ages behind him. Study the child. Find out what is natural. Then see that it is done. It will be correct if you yourself do not pervert it."

His advice proved so valuable physically that I used it, as a foundation policy, in the psychology of child training, both physical and mental. Consequently, the children have taught me many things I have never read in books.

One such instance I record here. Jenay was only twenty-two months when she came into the kitchen where I was peeling potatoes and asked, "Please, mother, may I have a piece of potato?"

Fearing she might choke on the raw vegetable, I said, "No, you don't like them."

"But I do," she insisted.

"Oh! I think not. Open the drawer. There's a cracker in there you may have."

She found the cracker, climbed upon a chair and ate it all. Then, emptying her small apron of crumbs into the coal skuttle, asked, "Please mother, may I have a piece of potato?"

"No," I answered, "You had the cracker."

"But the cracker's all gone."

"Yes, but you had it."

"Then I'll cry," she said.

Surprised at such tactics, I exclaimed, "All right! Cry if you like. Let's hear how loud."

Now it was her turn to be astonished and she said, "I can't. I can't do it. I can't cry for nothing," and tossing her small head in the air she walked out.

Could a sage have said that more aptly? That lesson was learned. Years later when we could no longer finance the dancing lesson of which she was so fond she still knew better than to "cry for nothing." The difficulties of the last few trying years have been greatly lessened by that knowledge. Truly, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh forth wisdom." Let us use it.

Food Facts and Fancies

By Ethel C. Butt

AT the 1932 meeting of the American Medical Association, L. B. Mendel, the veteran nutritionist, sounded this note of warning against food fads:

"There is no field of practical importance related to human well-being in which there is greater opportunity for dogmatism and quackery, for pseudo-science and unwarranted prescriptions and proscriptions, than in the domain of our daily diet. Those who have seen the pendulum of enthusiasm swing from one extreme food fad to another in the course of the years will be wary. Let them keep an open mind without becoming too reactionary to notice that our food habits do change."

How strange that there should be a need for such a warning in this land where there are so many sources for obtaining food facts. A considerable time of the sixty-one agricultural experiment stations scattered throughout the United States is devoted to research in problems of food and nutrition, either directly or incidentally. Practically all of the important universities and colleges have their food research laboratories. Scores of commercial concerns keep trained experts working on food problems.

Then there are the many medical and other scientific associations, clinics, schools, physicians, each continually contributing to the fund of information. From Germany, France, England and other countries also come many scientific journals which record the research carried on in these lands.

FOOD fallacies are probably as old as the human race. There are traces of them in some of the earliest records known. Much of the medical literature from the time of Hippocrates is well punctuated with unsubstantiated dietetic dictums. Strange theories were built up regarding the properties of various foodstuffs, in which mysterious powers or dangers were attributed to each.

Before the advent of modern chemistry and physiology, man did not know what happened to the food he consumed, and could only guess the effect that it had on him. Under those conditions there was an excuse for food fallacies. But even if our great grandmothers did give an emetic after the tomato (alias the deadly love apple) had been eaten, or if they did empty the dangerous water in which vegetables had been cooked, into the farthest corner of the garden, they could not be much farther from the truth than some of our fasting fanatics of the newspaper columns of today.

Probably more food facts have been uncovered in the last three decades than in all the centuries that have gone before. And these facts have not rusted in unpublished manuscripts. Never before has there been such a deluge of food information as has poured out of the press during the last twenty years in the form of magazine articles, pamphlets, bulletins, newspapers and books. Along with these the colleges, public schools, clinics, doctors and lecturers have all helped to broadcast such information as came within their vision. Along with the facts, however, there is often a fringe of speculation which may in

the minds of certain enthusiasts sprout and bear such luscious fruits of imagination that the unsuspecting public is dazzled by the sight, and is led to think that here at last is the perfect theory of nutrition. All previous knowledge was but chaff.

The process is very simple. The scientific worker announces the bare facts in a technical journal. Next the doctor tries it on a few of his patients and the newspapers syndicate a dramatic account of the discovery. As soon as possible the commercial concerns begin to exploit it and the quack twists the facts to fool his public. Thus may arise the various fashions in foods—the wave of enthusiasm for calories gives way to one of vitamines, or acid foods yield to alkali ones.

IN climbing a mountain, the nearest peak appears to be the highest, but once scaled, others are likely to be discovered beyond. It takes a well-trained, patient individual to climb the mountain of modern nutrition, and to see all the food facts in their proper relation. We have individuals who know considerable about nutrition, but most of them make so little noise as compared with our know-all faddists that the public tends to secure most of his information from those who know least about the science of nutrition. It is much safer to hitch one's dietetic wagon to a guide such as Sherman of Columbia than to a Hollywood star.

The fasting cure for human ills appears to have been one of the most popular fads of recent times. One writer tells his readers that a fast of a week to ten days will cure practically everything — paralysis, heart trouble, cancer, tuberculosis, boils and so on ad finitum. One disgusted reader of this doctor's (D. C. and not Ph. D. or M. D. as the unsuspecting reader imagines) advice, remarked that he believed that this chiropractor who has jumped into the wrong pasture, would recommend fasting for a broken leg. Some of this quack's followers have been reported to have been so weakened by fasting that they have had to be carried into hospitals when they have finally decided to seek professional help. A short, occasional fast may be as good for the body as it is for the soul, or as a means of passive resistance, but how many premature graves are dug each year for misguided sufferers who waste precious time with food faddists?

A close second to the fad of fasting is the weight-reducing craze that has flooded the land in the past few years. There may have been as much good as evil in this fashion, but when carried to the extreme, as it has been in so many cases, one can hardly help but wonder how much harm it has done to pregnant or nursing mothers, or to the rapidly growing children and youths.

Flora B. Floore reported that an analysis of the Hollywood eighteen day diet showed it to be extremely low in calories—too low for the body to make a satisfactory adjustment to the deficiency. It was also very low in proteins, deficient in calcium, phosphorus, iron and vitamin "A." In fact it was "entirely unsatisfactory and lacking in the principles that help to keep us well and strong."

There are some strange statements made over the radio about the two foodstuffs, starch and sugar. An uninformed listener might glean the idea that these things are actually poisonous, instead of being very satisfactory fuel foods when used properly. If we wish to go faster in an automobile, we step on the gas, and the same method is equally effica-

cious when we use fuel in the body to increase the output of work of this human machine. If we do more work than that in the sedentary occupations, whether it is heaving potato sacks or playing football, we need more of the energy foods in the form of sugar if for quick action or of starch for a more prolonged activity. In the healthy body these greatly maligned foods are burned up in the working process and enable the body to use them without so much ash carrying as is necessary with certain other foods.

Starch and sugar, however, should be used as accessory foods and not be allowed to take the place of the necessary, but more expensive building foods. These carbohydrates are best used in the natural state as found in fruits, grains and vegetables, thus insuring an accompanying supply of mineral salts and vitamins.

DR. WILLIAM C. ROSE says that one of the most misleading and inaccurate precepts of the food quack is the statement that two kinds of food must not be eaten at the same meal. Odd, isn't it, that nature made such elaborate preparations in the digestive system for taking care of such mixtures. Odd also, that our ancestors survived when they didn't know how to pull their grains apart and eat only the starch or protein, one at a time.

We have lived down some of the old theories—for instance the one that fruit and milk combinations are harmful—but due to the grip that the faddists have on the popular mind of today, it appears that two fallacies have grown where only one existed before. Yet few of us will contradict the statement of Dr. Rose that "The majority of food faddists are fakers of the worst sort. Their unscrupulous methods are matched only by their monumental ignorance of nutrition."

OTIS L. AND JULIA ERCANBRACK AND THEIR CHILDREN

Young Mothers

By Holly Baxter Keddington

WOMEN have ever been interested in civic problems, though suffrage seems to have announced women's arrival in community and national affairs. Here is a quotation from a book "The World's Famous Orations," compiled by Wm. Jennings Bryan, in which Cato delivered an oration in support of the Oppian law in 215 B. C. This law declared that "no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, or wear a garment of various colors, or ride in a carriage drawn by horses in a city, or in a town * * * except on occasions of some religious solemnity." Cato says, "Our ancestors thought it not proper that women should perform any, even private business, without a director; but that they should be under the control of parents, brothers, or husbands. We, it seems, suffer them, now, to interfere in the management of state affairs and to thrust themselves into the forum, into general assemblies of election; for what are they doing now in your streets and lanes? What about arguing, some in support of the motion of the tribunes; others contending for the repeal of the law?"

After more than 2,000 years of effort, improving and supporting efforts of others who are improving our communities, women are taking their places in many fields of labor. Much has been said regarding women's advent into politics being a definite move toward better government. Let us hope so. Study world problems, investigate qualifications of candidates, refuse to be blindly led, young mothers, and when you vote you will feel you have done a service to your community. Some day we may become big enough to forget party politics and elect men who are best able to fill those positions, without making them first appear as scoundrels.

* * *

FUNNY how we all have our little dislikes, that I am calling "Pet Peeves." After inquiring around a bit, I discovered that ironing, dishes, dusting and mending are the outstanding "Peeves." When I asked what to do about overcoming these difficulties, some said they guessed they never would entirely get over their dislike for the tasks though they might improve their technique. One woman said "Oh, how I dislike ironing! But I have learned to arrange my dampened clothes so that the pieces I most dislike are mixed in with the ones I don't mind, then with this bit of change I keep at the job until it is done. I never pick out the pieces I want to do, I just take them as they come." Overcoming a "Pet Peeve" evidently develops that fine characteristic, perseverance.

* * *

I HAVE been asked to stress proper quarantine law observance in this page. Proper isolation and quarantine of infectious cases is a decided check in epidemics of children's diseases that are spread so easily at school. A mother, who has lived near a family which disregards this law and who knows uncertainty and fear for her little ones, is seldom an offender. There are other mothers who, for the sake of a few days of freedom, make their own children menaces in the neighborhood. Quarantine observance cannot be left to the individual as long as there are wilful offenders. A group of women could do much along this line, if a clinic, such as one suggested in a former magazine, were organized. Such a clinic could not only stress law observance but, with proper backing, could compel it.

Are You Busy Enough?

By Jean Cox

ONE of the best known child welfare leaders in the country made the following statement. "If a certain study on occurrence of temper tantrums represented more lower class mothers, there would be fewer records of temper tantrums." When this question was challenged by the group, he continued, "The mother who is busy with her own housework and care of children doesn't have time to notice emotional outbursts. Because she is occupied with her work her children have fewer temper tantrums than is the case of the mother who is giving more persistent supervision."

It is generally conceded that temper tantrums are more frequent where there is a sympathetic audience. The mother busy with other things has little time to listen to or notice minor differences among her children. Anger does not last long if there is no audience. The practice of putting the angry child by himself cuts down the length of the outburst. In contrast to this method is that used by the overanxious mother who in her desire to shorten the outburst becomes insistent that the crying stop at once. This makes the child the center of attention and naturally prolongs the temper tantrum. When this method is used the mother in her desire for quiet builds up a resistance to her appeals which extends the time of the child's failure to listen to any appeal to reason. Frequently in this type of parent-child conflict the mother becomes angry at the child or at the whole situation which only further aggravates the tension of the child.

Emotional outbursts have many causes. Anything that tends to increase emotional tension is apt to increase number and intensity of explosions. Emotional disturbances depend upon the immediately previous conditions. The wife who has had a difference with her husband or neighbor may be more irritable with her children than would otherwise be true. The business man who has been bawled out berates the office boy. The girl who has quarrelled with her best friend will have little patience with the problems of the smaller brother. Small children who have been irritated by an adult will be more apt to have outbursts of temper. The child who spanks her doll is frequently reflecting the mother's treatment of the child. The man who steps on the gas endangering lives because of differences at the breakfast table illustrates transfer of emotional outbursts.

SCIENTIFIC study of emotions as compared with similar studies of mental or physical development shows greater difficulty. It is impossible in order to study them, to create or keep intact emotions at any stage of the outburst. It is indeed difficult to find means of measuring and comparing kinds of emotions and intensity of outbursts. By use of photographs temper tantrum studies during different stages are being made by some of the nursery schools. Studies show that emotional outbursts should be adequate. Different children as well as adults express emotions differently. Some children express themselves immediately and adequately. They are the ones who recover equi-

librium with lightning speed. Emotional outbursts should be in proportion to the tension. Prolonged, partially controlled emotions at almost explosive point are harrowing to the individual. In school or business or home where the dominance of one individual shortens explosions of other individuals and makes it impossible to clear the air, there is more tension than would result if the difficult matter were fought out or talked out. Prolonged feeling of injustice toward a member of the family lowers the morale of the family. Such a situation is not only difficult to overcome, but also difficult to forget.

INFANTS show comparatively few distinct emotional reactions. They respond to stimuli of fear, rage and pleasure or the rudiments of affection. These are frequently called the primary emotions. Training in control of emotions is quite as important as training in muscular coordination. Arousing fear in young children is frequently overdone. Mothers interested in the welfare of their children may create a fear complex in the child when he should be encouraged to be independent. Frequent cautioning of children in climbing, running, sliding, makes it impossible for the child to acquire muscular control which may be later very valuable to him when he must face risks. The spread of emotional reactions increases with age. More kinds of emotions are felt as age increases. The emotions of love or affection may spread out into various moods or feelings. The amount of spread or shading of the emotions is determined by the previous emotional organization which determines lines on which subsequent emotional development or control will take place. If patterns of control have been built up there will be less danger of emotional outbursts from minor irritations. Conversely the habit of quick unpleasant reactions to certain stimuli will result where a child is not helped to control his emotional reactions.

The child who has frequent outbursts of anger will have more temper reactions or patterns than the child who has been trained to be more placid. With the irritable child many stimuli arouse temper irritations. Undue attention to temper outbursts may result in an irascible individual who wears the proverbial chip on his shoulder. One of the interesting principles which the child learns early in nursery school is that crying does not get him anywhere. Children who cry are never rewarded by receiving the object of the immediate temper tantrum.

In several child welfare stations carefully controlled experiments on emotions have been conducted on children of different ages. These have shown that some fear reactions come into life late rather than early and shape the individual's life. Some fear reactions do not take place as anticipated. Infants shown snakes very early in life show no emotional reactions. Older children who had neither seen nor heard of snakes did not have marked fear reactions but showed tendency to withdraw when the snake was shown to the child.

AN interesting investigation on temper tantrums was conducted at the child welfare station at the University of Minnesota. A very carefully prepared record form was made for this use. In one investigation approximately thirty mothers kept record for forty consecutive days. The second investigation consisted of records of fifty mothers over ten consecutive days. These

mothers recorded anger outbursts of children from eight months to seven years. Previous studies had been made on fatigue where tabulations were made showing greatest fatigue at different hours of the day. A careful comparison of temper tantrums approximated in general form tabulations on fatigue. From the reports made by these two groups of mothers an interesting conclusion came out of the study which related to the methods of control used in anger situations. The methods most commonly recorded were threatening, spanking, slapping, ignoring and placating. The efficiency of these various methods is shown by the tabulations.

1. Threatening and spanking increase the number of emotional outbursts.

2. Methods of ignoring decreases the number of outbursts.

3. Methods of placating result in a greater number of outbursts than ignoring the irritation.

4. This is additional proof that the over anxious mother is apt to cause nervous tension which result in temper tantrums. The conclusions reached were that there are more temper tantrums during fatigue periods. The highest number immediately precedes meal time. There is a decided decrease following meal time. The highest number of tantrums is between five and six p. m. The fewest number recorded is between the hours seven and eight a. m. It is evident from the above that fatigue is one of the biggest factors in temper tantrums and in order to decrease the latter in frequency and intensity the child must be protected from excessive fatigue.

Children have fewer outbursts when in the presence of placid persons. Lack of antagonism, and the resultant decreased resistance as a rule help the child to keep emotions under control.

The Minnesota study also showed a tremendous sex difference between boys and girls with reference to frequency of temper tantrums. Records show that boys on the average have about nine times as many temper tantrums as do girls. This remains true at all age levels. Sex differences show that boys are much less docile individuals than girls. Boys know more about environment than do girls. They are constantly investigating and questioning about everything which intrigues their interest. Perhaps their excessive energy and resultant fatigue are partially responsible for their temper tantrums. Girls do not absorb as much general information as do their brothers. Boys study less than girls. Boys challenge statements more than girls and are a little less ready to accept situations as they find them.

Infants show relatively few distinctive emotional reactions. Their first emotional reactions, as previously stated, are affection, rage and fear which are shown by tension throughout the body. As the child grows there is a gradual change in emotional tension from mass tension to more specific action. At about eighteen months there is a progressive spread of emotional reactions. With increase in age, there has been considerable evidence that shades of emotions are graded down. In place of the primary emotions of affection, rage and fear we gradually find moods and feelings. Gradually, too, some of these emotional reactions vary in length of duration. Some are short while others are comparatively long. Emotional reactions vary with experience. Future emotional development is dependent upon previous emotional experiences. If a child gets angry at a

certain stimulus, future reactions will be shaped by his previous response.

THE challenge of the first sentence in addition to the discussion presented will, it is hoped, make mothers more conscious of their responsibility in the emotional development of their children. Better results will be obtained if parents also become conscious of their own emotional outbursts with their causes and effects on the younger generation. Habits are partly formed by imitation, frequent emotional explosions on the part of parents will be reflected by lack of emotional stability on the part of the little folks. Habits of lack of emotional control are more easily formed than overcome. The story of the small boy who kicked the chair because father slammed the door because it stuck has many variations. The mother who has had an argument with father may be less reasonable with her children than otherwise. There are decided advantages in being placid rather than irritable in training children. Too few parents are conscious of the fact that being forceful and quiet in dealing with children has decided advantages.

Another problem to which parents may give consideration is whether or not they show too much solicitude in their child training for much concern is quite as bad on the child as too little. Over solicitude on the part of the parent may make the child irritable rather than independent.

AMERICAN FORK CANYON

Everybody's Mother

By Inez Rich Bennett

IT was evening. Nature, in robes of resplendent beauty, had turned the landscape into a charming picture of Springtime. Now, with dusk falling like a curtain over the scene, earth sought her rest, even as a tired child lies down to sleep.

Near a street corner in a little Southern Alberta town, a neatly-dressed woman, past fifty, grey-haired, blue-eyed, stout, with business-like tread and a pleasant kindly face, stopped on her homeward journey, beside a group of children playing hop-scotch.

"Hello, everybody! Eddie, how's your mamma?" she asked a chubby little fellow on the side lines holding a handful of colored glass.

"Oh, just fine," he smiled. Then —"See what I got, Aunt Sarah! Glass! Ain't they pretty?"

"Yes, dear, very. Don't cut your hand! Will you do something for Aunt Sarah?"

"Sure!"

"When you go home, tell your mamma that your Aunt Marion Allred has a fine baby boy."

"Oh, goody!" He dropped the glass and ran toward home in happy excitement.

Throwing kisses to the children the woman crossed the street and continued her journey. For several blocks she walked alone, save for her thoughts. There were still several blocks to go and, as evening descended myriads of stars shone in the heavens like diamonds.

The woman noted everything about her. Heard the calls of mothers to their children to leave off play and retire; heard the chirpings of birds as they found resting places for the night, and trilled their good-night songs. She loved nature—it always thrilled her that God had made such a marvelous earth for man to live upon.

But a little while ago she had again witnessed the mystery of birth, had held in her arms another bit of baby loveliness; had lovingly placed it in it's mother's arms and seen tears of joy brighten the tired eyes as she asked, "Is he alright?" An affirmative answer had caused a halo of happiness to envelop the girl mother as she dropped to sleep.

WHEN she arrived home her children were busily studying their school work. Examinations were near. "Everything alright?" she asked, as she put her head in the door.

"Yes, mother. How's the patient?"

"Just fine! She has a bouncing boy. My, but they're happy! I told Bob to get a barrel and shout 'Daddy' into it to hear how it sounded." They all laughed. The phone rang and an excited voice asked, "Is Aunt Sarah there?"

"Yes, just a moment please."

After a brief conversation she turned to the children with, "I must go out again, dears, Mrs. Spencer's child is worse. You boys see that the mother hen with the biddies is covered for the night, get your lessons and go to bed early," she finished as she changed her apron and hurried out.

MOTHER looked so tired, it does seem as if somebody else could do a little running around besides her. I don't suppose she's even had her supper," remarked her little daughter.

"Oh, well," put in one of the boys, "you know mother. She's everybody's mother. Seems like she had enough to do before, but now she's president of the Relief Society she does twice as much. I'll tell you what, let's set the table for her and cover everything up like she does for us when we're late." So they bustled about and soon supper for one was spread and covered with a clean cloth.

SHE returned tired out about 11:30 p. m. and said to herself as she opened her gate, "I'm really hungry now. I'd almost forgotten that I was too upset at Marion's to eat any supper. But I'm too tired now to fix anything."

Entering the kitchen, she turned on the light, noted the bumpy white cover on the table, and removed it. She exclaimed softly, "Bless their hearts! They wouldn't forget me. And such a meal they have spread. What a God-send children are!"

Refreshed after her meal, she mixed bread and prepared to retire. As was her wont when alone her thoughts drifted backward in recollections of earlier years and forward in contemplation of future problems. Her path was not "strewn with roses." When her husband died and left her with the children—three boys and a girl—to raise and educate, she felt the burden was too great to bear. There was no money, but they owned a warm, comfortable house large enough for their needs and free of debt. They were good children, considerate and ambitious and that made things easier. Her health was poor and she felt entirely incapable of any kind of work that would support her family. Years before, she had occasionally assisted local physicians with maternity cases, but when her health failed father had insisted that she give it up. However, after his death, with the farm not bringing in enough to support the little family, she decided to again take up the practice of nursing. While she was not a graduate nurse, her methods, carefully acquired from study and professional suggestion were approved by the physicians whom she assisted. Later she had opened her house as a private maternity home, upon receiving official recognition from health authorities and cared for maternity patients to help out the financial end of things. It was not easy, but then, she had often reflected, nothing worth doing was ever easy. At night she was usually too tired to rest well, but enough patients had come to the home-like little hospital to keep things going.

IN the midst of the struggle she had been asked to be president of the ward Relief Society. She felt wholly unqualified for the position, but gave her bishop an affirmative answer and plead with God for strength and wisdom to carry on successfully.

Her cheerful optimistic attitude helped her over many rough spots. She submerged herself in her religious and nursing work to a degree that gave no time for self-pity. Always to her friends she was "Just fine!" no matter how she felt. Hers was a life of sacrifice and service, cheerfully and willingly given. Everyone loved her and she mothered the entire community. Friends and acquaintances lovingly called her "Aunt Sarah," a term significant of intimate associations and friendly relationships. Folks couldn't help being good to her, but often they were unintentionally thoughtless of the burden she bore when they might have helped so much.

As she knelt beside her bed in prayer and asked her Father in Heaven for wisdom and divine guid-

ance, she did not forget to voice gratitude for her many blessings.

Busy weeks followed, crammed with activities in many branches of home, public and religious service. Mothers came to the little hospital suffering and empty handed and went away in due time with darling new babies and happy faces which still bore the aftermath of pain.

Everyone was busy. The little town seethed with activity. Summer put on her loveliest gowns decked with gay flowers of every hue, tempting tired workers to hie away to woodlands cool and enjoy the out-of-doors. But, Aunt Sarah took no vacation. Too many folks needed mothering.

It was she who went to the Walden home when Mrs. Walden died and comforted the heartbroken husband and sorrowing little ones, and fed and comforted them as no one else could. It was she who called her loyal Relief Society sisters to her side, and made the burial clothing, trimmed the white casket, and took charge of the funeral arrangements in cooperation with the bishop. And, when the funeral was over she and her counsellors went to the little home to comfort the saddened family, and, in the days to come rallied the Relief Society sisters in a sewing bee to provide clothing for the little motherless ones. No, she had no time for vacations, hardly time to admit even to herself that her old trouble was returning, that she was not well, that at times the pain was so intense she could hardly bear it. In her soul and body she suffered, but, to the world, she lifted a serene and smiling face.

She was interested in everybody's welfare. On her journeyings to her "out" patients she called for a few moments on this or that one who needed cheering or helpful suggestions. Each passing hour life held for her something worth the doing, and each effort was recompensed with love and appreciation from those she served. She often said she had so many things to be thankful for that her little troubles seemed unimportant and insignificant in comparison to her privileges and blessings.

One summer afternoon after a particularly trying case in the country she entered her gate with a feeling of loneliness. The children she knew were all away for the day. But the trees were full of birds that burst into song at her approach; the flowers along the path seemed to nod a welcome; even the little calf staked on the grass in the back-yard must have sensed her coming for he gave a loud call and ran the length of his tether, to be brought up with a jerk as he switched his tail and shook his head.

No sooner had she opened the door than a wild shout of "Surprise"! greeted her and a large group of happy-faced women surrounded her, chattering gaily.

Such a joyous hour followed, and at its close she was presented with a vase of gorgeous flowers, from everybody's garden to Everybody's Mother.

The Open Mind

By Frank C. Steele

I AM thankful that I have so far progressed in my education that I can be honest with myself—that I have an open mind, a mind ready to inquire into and accept new truth. I came West bitterly prejudiced against 'Mormonism,' but life in the West has opened the windows of my mind, the cobwebs of intolerance have been blown away, and I find that the system of religion that I had detested has much, very much, to commend it to the truth-seeker."

In words to this effect a friend of mine, the instructor in history in a High School, related his making-over with respect to his attitude toward new truth. He rejoiced that his old attitude had been changed, that bias and prejudice had given way to freedom of thought and a willingness to accept new light even though it upset his former pet notions. And now that he is in that position he will progress in his search for Truth, for Truth is the priceless reward of the open mind.

ONE splendid thing about the Gospel of Jesus Christ, it changes our attitudes. Do you recall the instance of the mothers who brought their little ones to the Master that he might bless them? With their cold, age-old attitude toward children and their obscure place in the scheme of things, the Apostles were bent on turning away the faithful mothers and their babes. Not so the loving and all-wise Master. To the astonishment of his disciples he took the babes in his arms and blessed them saying: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

Strange doctrine. Yes. But true, for on that day Jesus gave the world its greatest lesson in Child Welfare.

The road of the prophet, the revealer of new truth, is usually lonely and hard. The prophet's way is not the easy way for there seems to be something in the make-up of man that makes him resist and resent the impact of new truth. He dislikes being dislodged from his old positions, his old dogmas, his old ideas of what is right and worthwhile. He clutches his traditions as he does the heirlooms handed down from generation to generation. And often in his hatred of the Revelator he goes so far as to persecute and slay.

It has been the same in all ages, for human nature is slow in its evolution. Noah rejected, Socrates drinking the hemlock, Nephi in chains, Stephen stoned, Bruno burned at the stake, Joseph Smith shot as he sought to shield his brethren, Christ crucified between two thieves—these are the evidences of that cast of mind, that resistance to Truth that has cluttered the path of progress from earliest times. And what is the lesson? It is this: strive for the open mind, uproot intolerance, and cherish the gift of the Holy Spirit which will lead the humble searcher into all Truth.

A WRITER in the American Magazine related a story that comes to me now as apropos. A certain Greenland Eskimo, he said, was taken on one of the American North Polar expeditions a number of years ago. Later, as a reward for faithful service, he was taken

to New York City for a short visit. At all the miracles of sight and sound he was filled with a most amazed wonder. When he returned to his native village he told stories of the buildings that reached to the face of the sky; of street cars, which he described as houses that moved along the trail with people living in them as they moved; of mammoth bridges, artificial lights, and many other strange sights witnessed in the metropolis.

His people looked at the native coldly and walked away. And forthwith throughout the whole countryside they called him Sagdluk, meaning The Liar. This name he carried in shame to his grave. In fact, explorers tell us, his real name was forgotten.

Now there was some excuse for the Eskimos. It was difficult for their primitive minds to grasp such a dazzling revelation. But to us with the innumerable advantages of civilization there is no excuse for ignorance, no excuse for a mind closed to new truth. There have been, and there will again be reformations effected that may strike at the heart of things we and our fathers have held most dear. It required a vision to convince Peter, the chief of the apostles, that the Gospel was for the Gentiles as well as for the Jews. Paul was stricken with blindness and disciplined severely before he accepted the truth of the Gospel of our Lord. But when his eyes were opened he became a mighty defender of the faith he formerly had persecuted even unto "strange cities."

The spirit of toleration is growing in the world. What a happy world it will be to live in when narrowness and prejudice are banished from the hearts and minds of our Father's children.

BEAR LAKE

Autumn

By Elsie E. Barrett

You are here again, gay Autumn
With your implements of Art,
Splashing charmingly your colors
Of each year a counterpart.
Mother Nature trusts completely,
Leaving final touch to you,
Who through ages past has painted
Tints and shades of ev'ry hue.

After Rain

By Myrtle Janson

If Heaven e'er comes to earth,
It is after a rain—
Air so pure, so fresh and redolent
You breathe and breathe and breathe again;
Gardens and lawns glorious as fairyland
With the caroling of birds thrown in;
Skies so delicately blue
And fleeced with feathery white,
Just like baby's crib
Waiting for the celestial light
Of little golden locks.

Notes to the Field

Ward Magazine Agents:

IN sending in subscriptions send the name, street number, town, and state which month the subscription should commence with. Be sure that you do this for each subscription. In order to give desired service it is necessary for us to have this information. It is also a requirement of the postoffice.

It is well for subscribers to send in the same name each year. Some send it one year in their given name and other years in their married name. For instance, Mrs. Mary Jones and Mrs. John Jones.

Magazine Drive.

WE learn with pleasure that one wide-awake stake has asked for ten minutes' time in the sacrament meeting of each ward on Sunday, September 16th, to sell the Magazine to the men of the ward.

Some bishops when asked not only gladly gave the ten minutes but offered the whole time of the sacrament meeting to the Relief Society.

This stake is suggesting that a member of the stake board give a ten-minute talk on the Magazine, and that she introduce the ward Magazine agent at the conclusion of her talk.

Know Your Magazine.

WE suggest that the presidency give thought to getting the Magazine read. A "Know Your Magazine" campaign would be a good feature for this year.

Stake Magazine Agents:

ARE you meeting each month with your ward Magazine agents, checking on their records to see that they are accurate, and that the people are visited to get their subscriptions renewed at the time they expire?

Subscriptions may begin any month in the year. They should be renewed when subscriptions expire so subscribers will not miss a number.

It is desirable that the agents keep an accurate record of each subscription. This can be done by completely filling out the stubs in the receipt books. When the names are listed on the blanks, please state which month each subscription should commence. If the month is given and not just "renewal" more prompt and accurate service can be given. If no request is made for a certain number, the current issue will be mailed.

Relief Society Song.

BROTHER K. E. Fordham of St. George last October wrote a Relief Society song and presented it to Sister Brooks, president of that Stake. One-hundred copies were mimeographed, eight to twelve copies being sent to each ward. They all used it at their March Anniversary and were so pleased with it that Sister Brooks sent word to Sister Robison of its success.

Now Brother Fordham is going to get it out in sheet form. It is a two-part song, entitled "Gifts of Love." Ten copies will be mailed for $1.00, and additional copies may be purchased at 10c each. Money must accompany the order. Send order to K. E. Fordham, St. George, Utah.

Attention, Stake Magazine Agents!

ALL Stake Magazine Agents are requested at the close of the Drive to send in information under the following heads:

STAKE WARD ENROLLMENT NO. OF SUB. PER CENT NAME OF MAGAZINE AGENT

Of course, there will be a line for each ward in the stake. (The re-

port should come to our Magazine office, Room 20, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, from the Stake and not from each ward separately.)

Those wards that get subscriptions that total 75% or more of their enrollment will be placed on the honor list. These wards should be listed at the bottom of the sheet for publication on our honor page.

Stakes that get 75% or more will be on a separate list. The Stake should send in this information:

ENROLLMENT OF STAKE NO. OF SUB. PER CENT NAME OF STAKE MAGAZINE AGENT

Those whose subscriptions expire with the December number may be counted on these lists.

IN the February Magazine a second honor list will be published. This will enable those who need more time to reach a desired goal.

Our Project For 1934-1935.

I. A Family Project—(Something new for the organizations to undertake):

Last April the Executive Board of the Relief Society called the Relief Society Mission Presidents to a meeting and asked them for suggestions regarding Relief Society work. All desired that missionaries come into the field with at least a general knowledge of the Scriptures, and that they know which books are in the Old Testament, the New Testament and the Book of Mormon.

So we now present to you a project which, if carried out, will familiarize your families with the Scriptures in a general way. An outline of what the books contain in general will be found in the August, 1934, *Relief Society Magazine*. Use it.

II. The Desirability of a Project is very evident:

We all work better if we have an objective—some definite thing to do in a given time.

This family project will draw the family together in a common interest, in a united undertaking. It is stimulating to work together.

III. Making the Project Successful:

Launch the Project enthusiastically at your October Union Meeting. Think out ways that will stir up interest and write to us of your plans and success.

Have Visiting Ward Teachers check (✓) each month on their books and report the number of families that are putting over the project, at their monthly Visiting Teacher Training Meetings. Have Secretary check the roll and give credit to those who are working on the Project. Ward Presidents should report at regular meetings the results of the efforts made.

IV. The Plan:

In November and December feature Books of the Old Testament.

In January Books of the New Testament.

In February Books of the Book of Mormon.

In March Pearl of Great Price.

In April and May Articles of Faith.

Have members know how many books there are in the Old Testament (39), New Testament (27), and the Book of Mormon (15), and be able to designate the volume in which each may be found.

What an inspiring thing this will be to have the family study religion in the home. The call has long sounded "Back to the Farm!"; we call "Back to the Scriptures!" We are not so familiar with them as our parents were. The command is still in force, "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me."—(John 5:39.)

Notes from the Field

Western States Mission:

WE are in receipt of a very fine report from Sister Winnifred B. Daynes, Relief Society President of the Western States Mission. She furnished us a copy of the instructions which she sent out to her Mission and we feel that so much help is given in these items that we take pleasure in including them in our Notes from the Field.

"See:

1. That your organization is complete.

2. That your meeting room is clean and attractive and a fit place for the Spirit of God to dwell.

3. That you definitely plan and arrange your programs.

4. That there be the closest cooperation possible between your Presidency and the Branch Presidency, as in your work, the family welfare is so inseparably associated that there must be perfect harmony always existing.

5. That care and consideration shall be given to the aged, and that those appointed for this shall see that their work is effectively done.

6. That you use every effort possible to find work for the unemployed. It may be for either male or female. Wherever good can come as a result of this work, means of course, a reduction of your Welfare work.

7. That you be honest and prayerful, and take a genuine interest in your work that nothing will be found

DENVER RELIEF SOCIETY

wanting, and that the interest of those over whom you preside is always first in your affections.

8. Safeguard your health so that you can put your best enthusiasm into your work.

9. Develop spirituality in your classwork, by having class leaders emphasize Latter-day Saint ideals in all of their classwork.

10. Begin and close your meetings on time; remembering that promptness and exactness are always essential to success.

11. Have appropriate song arranged for your singing practice; and, if possible, memorize the words of the songs that are practiced so that you may be able to sing more enthusiastically.

12. Have complete and intelligent minutes kept of all meetings; have them read at each meeting; and have them approved before finally being recorded; see that a record book of the approved style, is kept in your organization so that your minutes may always be preserved.

13. Encourage your visiting teachers to be regular attendants at all weekly meetings in the Relief Society; also to attend the Sacrament meeting.

14. See that no confidences which are given you are ever betrayed or broken; see to it that all gossip and the spirit of criticism is eliminated from your organization.

15. Be impressed with the need of discussing at all times, the Teachers' Topics in the home.

16. Increase membership, first, by personal visits; second, by telephone calls; third, by letters, invitations, etc.

17. To develop cordiality:
    a. Take pains to warmly greet newcomers, members and strangers.
    b. Have a committee appointed to welcome newcomers.

18. Keep all records in a fireproof container; if nothing better, a tin bread box is suggested.

19. Have your magazines bound and begin to build your library.

20. Always have your meetings well prepared; see that proper publicity is given, and a good attendance assured.

By keeping ourselves spiritually, mentally and physically fit, we will try to make this year the most profitable and the most successful Relief Society year in the history of the Western States Mission. Let each one join in bearing her responsibility that success may be assured; and where advice is needed for your work, never be backward in seeking it."

Southern States Mission:

FROM quite another part of the missionfield we were delighted to receive greetings. The Relief Society department meetings were held in connection with the conference and the work for the coming year was discussed. Short talks from representative members of the organization on different phases of the work were a special feature and exceptionally well done. The work for the year was outlined and this included the social service program which we feel all the members thoroughly understood. At the first meeting there were 65 sisters present and the following day 56. This was a most excellent attendance when the great distance is considered. One sister traveled a distance of 400 miles, much of it on foot. All the women of the mission wish to express sincere appreciation for the magazine.

"We have promised ourselves to read it from cover to cover, knowing

it is not only filled with an extended knowledge of desired material, but full of the real spirit of the Gospel, which is the essence of encouragement and real uplift for all. We expect it to be used for all lesson work. We do thank those who contribute to its beauty and strength and we thank our Father in Heaven for this glorious work. In many of our humble homes our Church literature is all the reading material offered, and the magazine numbers were distributed in the homes of the members. We feel a real missionary work will be done."

Oberlin College, O., Oct. 17th. 1895

J. R. Hindley, Esqr.

Dear Sir:-

We have in our College Library an original manuscript of Solomon Spaulding---unquestionably genuine.

I found it in 1834 in the hands of Hon. L. L. Rice of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. He was formerly State Printer at Columbus, O', & before that publisher of a paper in Painesville, whose preceding publisher hadvisited Mrs. Spaulding & obtained the manuscript from her. It had lain among his old papers forty years or more, & was brought out by my asking him to look up antislavery documents among his papers.

The manuscript has upon it the signatures of several men of Connea aut, O., who had heard Spaulding read it, & knew it to be his. No one can see it & question its genuineness.

The manuscript has been printed twice at least---once by the Mormons of Salt Lake City, & once by the Josephite Mormons of Iowa. ~~Who obtain~~ The Utah Mormons obtained the copy of Mr. Rice at Honolulu, & the Josephites got it of me after it came into my possession.

This manuscript is not the original of the Book of Mormon.

Yours very truly,

Jas. H. Fairchild

This old letter was brought us by Brother J. R. Hindley who thought it would be of interest to our readers.—*Editor.*

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXI OCTOBER, 1934 No. 10

EDITORIAL

Word of Wisdom

WE urge most strongly that our readers will do all in their power to uphold the Word of Wisdom. There are so many now who are drinking a little tea or coffee or are taking an occasional glass of beer. In a recent conference held at Oquirrh Stake, President Grant said: "We are being called old fashioned and told we are too straight because we will not sanction the drinking of beer now that it has been legalized. We never will approve the drinking of beer. We will go right on being straight and telling the people to let beer alone despite the feelings of some members that we should condone the drinking of beer."

President Grant emphasized that there never was a time when the Church needed to urge and stress the observance of the Word of Wisdom more than today. He said he would like to see the time when men and women who are not living the Word of Wisdom would be unable to hold positions of responsibility in this Church, because they cannot say, "follow me." They should be able to say this to everyone with whom they associate as officers of the Church.

THE smoking evil has grown by leaps and bounds. It is painful to see how many women have become enslaved during the last few years. In 1914 I went to Europe. On the boat there was one woman who smoked. She was looked upon as a pariah. Today in crossing it is found that a big percentage of women smoke. It is said that women addicts are worse than men. They smoke more and the effect upon them is more injurious.

It is a reflection on this people that so many of them smoke, for in addition to all the reasons against the pernicious practice that all people have, they have the word of God

declaring that tobacco is not good for man.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS should not tamper with these forbidden things. Those who begin do not realize the effect it will have upon their moral fibre. Little by little there is a lowering of their standards until after a while they do things without hesitation that they would have shrunk from doing a short time before.

Parents should teach their children the Word of Wisdom. The revelation should be re-read again and again. Careful attention should be paid to what it says and thus informed, people will not be led off on tangents by enthusiasts or cranks who put interpretations on it that are not the revealed word and that Church authorities do not sanction.

People should arouse themselves and create public sentiment against the practice. The young should be instructed in the word of God and informed of the injurious effects of smoking. They should be impressed with the fact that this habit once formed enslaves them, and that it is a very difficult thing to stop. It requires strength to stand out from the crowd and refuse to do as they do. Every mother should be on her guard to safeguard her children from the evil.

To Our Officers

IT has often been said, "Well begun is half done," so we urge our officers to see that all necessary preliminary work is done to make the opening meeting very successful.

Our regular work has been lightened during the summer. We have had opportunity to feast our eyes on nature's beauties. We have communed with some of the great minds by reading books that we have long desired to peruse. Hobbies have been cultivated, nerves have been strengthened, so now we should resume with renewed vigor. Rested by the pause in our activities, we should exhibit new life.

It is well to whole-heartedly do one thing and get it off our hands if this is possible. The Magazine drive can be carried to successful fruition before our meetings begin. The ward can be visited inviting all members to attend the opening meeting. Plans can be made for the lesson work, so that each period shall be a delight and source of education to the membership. Musical activities can be planned. The social life of the year can be thought of. It is interesting to note when the mind begins thinking and it has time for plans, how one after another pops into the head. Every precaution should be taken to make each meeting successful. Guard against the possibility of failures. Have it understood that someone, either an assistant teacher or a member of the presidency, shall always be ready to take the lesson in case the teacher is unable to do so at the last minute.

Remember that a very important part of the work is done by the visiting teachers. See that they get the necessary instructions and help for their work. When the organization moves smoothly, it is a joy to be associated with it. Many of our cares and worries come from not planning ahead.

Franklin S. Richards

IN the passing of Franklin S. Richards the Relief Society has lost a devoted friend and an ardent supporter. He formulated the articles of incorporation and by-laws for the organization, and he was ever helpful as a legal advisor. His Mother, Jane Richards, served for a number of years on the General Board of Relief Society and was Counselor for a time in the Presidency. His wife, Emily S. Richards, also gave efficient service as a member of the General Board, and so Brother Richards kept in close touch with Relief Society problems.

He was a loyal advocate of women's rights. He sponsored and defended the article in the constitution granting equal rights to the women of the State of Utah.

Although he was 85 years of age when he died, he was active to the last. He was at his office Thursday and died during his sleep that night. He was admitted to the practice of law in 1874 and for sixty years was an outstanding member of the Utah Bar Association. He was the oldest attorney engaged in active practice in Utah and was numbered among the oldest active attorneys in the United States. He was counsel for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and for many of its members, and successfully defended his clients' interests in local and supreme court cases.

Not only was he active in legal matters, but throughout his life took a prominent part in Church activities. In 1877 he went to Great Britain as a missionary. He served for many years as a High Councilman both in Weber and Ensign Stakes, and at the time of his death was president of the High Priests' quorum of Ensign Stake.

Kind, considerate, cultured, he graced every position he filled and was loved by all with whom he mingled.

Socialized Class Work

FROM reports that come to us it is evident that many class leaders in the Literary Department do not socialize their work. It is easier for them to give their lesson as a lecture, and they like the finished result. Some give as an excuse that they cannot get the members to participate. We feel that every teacher who habitually does all the work herself is making a serious mistake. She is depriving the class members of the development that they are entitled to. One teacher recently said, "I can get participation from any group anywhere if I study the problem and work hard enough." The profits of participation are so evident that we are surprised that any teacher is unwilling to make the effort to draw out her class. We urge each teacher to make a special study of drawing out the quiet retiring members of her class. Let her gage her success by the number who participate in the recitation.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in December)

THE POWER OF PRAYER

1. *An Accepted Principle.* The Latter-day Saints need no conversion to the principle of prayer; the very existence of their Church is traceable to it. It is doubtful indeed that Deity would have revealed himself in these the latter days if there had been no one with sufficient faith to call upon him for help and guidance. But there was such an individual in the person of the youthful Joseph Smith. His faith was of such a nature, that when he appealed to heaven for wisdom, both the Father and the Son appeared in person to answer. Later, other and still other heavenly personages came to him, each with a message for his further guidance and instruction. Following his first vision, the Prophet sought the Lord in prayer almost continuously, and, as a result, his accomplishments were far ahead of uninspired human attainment. He translated the Book of Mormon; he translated the Book of Abraham, and he produced the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, also the Book of Moses. In addition, he organized the Church —unequalled the world over in point of government and doctrine. He thus gave impetus to a movement that is going steadily forward, and destined eventually to fill the whole world. All this was accomplished by heavenly inspiration, obtained through the gateway of prayer.

2. *The Divine Exemplar.* The Savior himself—although the very Son of God—almost continuously appealed to the Father in prayer. It is recorded that on one occasion He prayed through the entire night. Shortly before His crucifixion, He met with His apostles in an upper room at Jerusalem. Here He administered the sacrament, and gave much instruction pertaining to the duties of those who were to remain. After He had done this, He lifted up His eyes to heaven and gave utterance to the immortal statement, "Father the hour is come; Glorify the Son, that the Son may also glorify thee * * * I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." (Read John 17, the entire chapter.) Then, after passing over the brook Cedron, He prayed again, leaving his disciples to watch as He did so. Even while suffering the agonies of the cross, He continued His supplications to the Father. Surely the attitude of the Messiah should be an example to all.

3. *Modern Example.* The Father and the Son appeared to the youthful Joseph Smith as the result of prayer, in the early springtime of 1820. Some three and one-half years later, on the twenty-first of September, 1823, the Prophet sought the Lord in prayer and asked for a manifestation that he might know of his standing before the Lord in answer to which the angel Moroni appeared at his bedside, standing in the air in the midst of a light brighter than noonday. While translating the Nephite records at Harmony, Pennsylvania, in May of 1829, the

Prophet and Oliver Cowdery sought the Lord in prayer concerning certain matters relating to baptism. In answer to this appeal, John the Baptist appeared to them and conferred upon them the Aaronic Priesthood. Several years later, the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery importuned the Lord in prayer behind the sacred veil of the temple at Kirtland, and the Son of God appeared in all His transcendent glory and power; and thus the history of the early development of the Church runs. Revelation after revelation received by the Prophet is prefaced by words such as these, "I enquired of the Lord, and I received the following." Indeed the entire history of Joseph Smith is characteristically one of prayer and of the answers thereto. Without prayer there would have been no vision; and without vision the people perish.

4. *Scriptural Injunctions.* One of the earliest revelations received by the Prophet contains the following significant promise: "Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." (*Doc. and Cov.* 4:7.) In various forms this same promise is repeated scores of times in later revelations of the Doctrines and Covenant, perhaps primarily for the purpose of further emphasis. A few illustrations: To Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery the Lord said: "If thou wilt enquire, thou wilt know mysteries which are great and marvelous; therefore thou shalt exercise thy gift, that thou mayest find out mysteries, that thou mayest bring many to the knowledge of the truth, yea, convince them of the error of their ways." (*Doc. and Cov.* 6:11.) Again: "Blessed art thou for what thou hast done; for thou hast inquired of me, and behold, as often as thou hast inquired thou hast received instruction of my Spirit." (*Doc. and Cov.* 6:14.) Later when Oliver Cowdery desired to be endowed with the gift of translation, the Lord said to him: "Whatsoever you shall ask me to tell you by that means, that I will grant unto you, and you shall have knowledge concerning it." (*Doc. and Cov.* 8:9.) To Martin Harris, who was the first to come to the Prophet's financial assistance, the Lord said: "Pray always, and I will pour out my Spirit upon you, and great shall be your blessings—yea, even more than if you should obtain treasures of earth and corruptibleness to the extent therefor. Behold, canst thou read this without rejoicing and lifting up thy heart for gladness?" (*Doc. and Cov.* 19:38, 39.) To twelve elders who were about to go forth two by two the Lord said: "If thou shalt ask, thou shalt receive revelation upon revelation, knowledge upon knowledge, that thou mayest know the mysteries and peaceable things—that which bringeth joy, that which bringeth life eternal." (*Doc. and Cov.* 42:61.)

5. In a revelation to the Church, at Kirtland, the Lord gave the following command: *"Ye are commanded in all things to ask of God,* who giveth liberally; and that which the Spirit testifies unto you, even so I would that ye should do so in all holiness of heart, walking uprightly before me, considering the end of your salvation, doing all things with prayer and thanksgiving." (*Doc. and Cov.* 46:7.) Seemingly somewhat in despair because of the weakness of certain of his people in Missouri, the Lord said: *"This is my will; ask and ye shall receive;* but men do not always do my will." (*Doc. and Cov.* 103:31.) Statements similar to the foregoing could be cited almost without number, but these are sufficient for present purpose. There can

be no doubt of what the Lord expects of his people in this matter.

6. *Exacting Requirements.* Deity discloses that he has given a law unto all things, and that whosoever is not able to abide the law cannot receive the blessing. (Read *Doc. and Cov.* 88:22-48.) The laws of God are not merely mandatory statements designed to test the attitude of His children; on the contrary, they are an expression of veritable realities which must be implicitly obeyed if the blessing is obtained. Answer to prayer is not an exception. If Deity is to reward our supplications we must comply with His requirements, and this too, with the utmost care and precision. We would not expect to obtain a desired chemical reaction without complying with necessary conditions. Neither should we expect to have our prayer answered unless we are equally as meticulous in conforming with requirements. Briefly the conditions are as follows:

7. In his widely quoted statement touching this matter, James, a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, makes it clear that unwavering faith is essential to the answering of prayers. Here are his words: "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven of the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord. A double minded man is unstable in all his ways." (James 1: 6-8.)

8. Reference has already been made to Oliver Cowdery's ambition to translate, also to the Lord's reply to him. The Lord further said: *"Doubt not * * * Remember that without faith you can do nothing; therefore ask in faith.* Trifle not with these things; *do not ask for that which you ought not."* Later the Lord informed Oliver Cowdery that his prayers had not been answered because he had taken no thought "save it was to ask." Then the Lord said further: "You must study it out in your mind; then you must ask me if it be right, and if it is right I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you; therefore you shall feel that it is right." (*Doc. and Cov.* 9:81.) From the foregoing it appears that we must not only ask in faith, nothing wavering, but that we must ask only for the things that we need. Moreover, we must work for the fulfillment of our prayers. Then, again, the Lord limits His blessings to the things which are expedient for us. Here are His words: "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name it shall be given unto you, *that is expedient for you."* (*Doc. and Cov.* 88:64.)

9. It is quite apparent from the foregoing that a prayer acceptable to the Lord consists of far more than merely a verbal utterance. The request must be devoid of selfishness; it must contain only that which is expedient; it must be made with unwavering faith; and the individual must do whatever he can to bring about the fulfillment. This is prayer, whether voiced or unexpressed. It is a condition of the soul, and not merely a combination of words. It involves faith, intelligence, and work.

10. *Prayer and the Operation of Natural Law.* Here and there certain seemingly well informed people doubt the efficacy of prayer on the assumption that petitions to the Father cannot be answered without the infraction of natural law. Such people would assume, for example, that an appeal for the restoration of health could not be answered without violating or obstructing the operation of the laws of nature. They point out that natural laws are inexorable and therefore cannot be

broken or set aside. The conclusion of this argument, namely that Deity cannot answer prayers, is wholly unfounded and without justification. Let us see.

11. Recently the writer of this lesson had occasion to go from one part of the city to another. He telephoned the central office of a taxicab company and stated his needs. In turn the attendant at the central office telephoned a sub-station, and within an incredibly short time an automobile was at the writer's door ready to take him wherever he chose to go.

12. It should be noted that no phase of this experience involved the infraction of natural laws. Quite to the contrary, it involved the control and use of it, to-wit: the telephone is a perfectly natural device, likewise the automobile, with all its parts and complications. Both of these devices responded to the will of man and made it possible for his appeal to be answered. Knowledge is power. God is all-knowing, and therefore all-powerful. He can utilize the laws of nature to fulfill his purposes, but in so doing he does not violate them nor bring them to naught. In a similar, but very limited sense, natural law is gradually coming under the control of intelligent man. Railroad transportation, aviation, and wireless communication are examples.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Relate in detail the Master's prayer in Gethsemane.
2. Why in your judgment was it necessary for the Savior to pray?
3. Give a list of the revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants received as an answer to prayer.
4. Why are individual prayers for such things as, say, rain likely to pass unanswered?
5. In what way do family prayers affect the home? Safeguard the individual against wrongdoing? Encourage allegiance to the Church and its leaders? Provide the individual with greater power to do good?

Teachers' Topic

(November, 1934)

ARMISTICE DAY

"It is out of sacrifice and suffering that the greatest things in life grow."—*Marshal Foch.*

THE 11th of November, Armistice Day, should be made sacred throughout the world, for it is the anniversary of the end of the greatest conflict in history.

After four years of war, with its unspeakable horrors and sorrows, emissaries of the principal nations involved, in council assembled in the forest of Campiegne, reached terms of peace, and the Armistice was signed on the eleventh of November, 1918. This act marks one of the most stupendous achievements in human experience. On that day the work of the soldier was completed, and the diplomat began, all with the hope and belief that this would forever end war.

The full text of the Armistice consisted of 36 sections, the first of which read, "cessation of operations by land and in the air six hours after the signature of the Armistice." The Armistice was signed at 5 o'clock, French time, and hostilities ceased at 11 a. m. France, Britain and Germany were represented by appointed officials. Admiral Sims, of the American Navy was present unofficially. The German delegation

had been advised by President Wilson that Marshal Foch was qualified to communicate the Allies' conditions.

The word that the Armistice was signed was the signal for such rejoicing as the world has never known before or since: sounding of sirens and whistles, ringing of bells and shouting from myriads of voices of men, women and children throughout all the streets of all cities in the civilized world.

In commemoration of that day we pay tribute and respect to those who never returned, to those who returned crippled and maimed and gassed and shellshocked, and to those who witnessed the cruelties of war and were permitted through the grace of a kind Providence to return sound in mind and body to their native land and homes.

As each succeeding November brings another anniversary, let us remember the supreme need of justice in the relations of men and nations, and give our best efforts to the establishment of Peace, not forgetting those who died with the firm faith that their sacrifice was to end war.

On every November eleventh, at eleven o'clock, let us pause in the day's busy hum, with a silent prayer and remember:

"In this drift of after years
To pay honor with our tears,
They dared to die, let us who live
Dare to have pity and forgive."

Literature

LIFE AND LITERATURE

(Third Week in December)

THE NOVEL A SOCIAL RECORD

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."
—*Tennyson.*

MAN'S world is a changing world, a world of institutions. Exploration, conquest, and dominion have determined Man's national environment; wealth, science, and invention have created his social environment. Through the ages the social, economic, and spiritual horizons of the world have changed continually.

For the benefit of mankind institutions, religion, marriage, the law have been organized. The measure of civilization lies in the opportunities it provides Man for his highest development. As the truths of life become known, society must change, nobler modes of life must replace "the wars of old," "the ancient forms of party strife," "the lust of gold." Man, as his brother's keeper, must assume his responsibility as the master of his world, Society.

John Galsworthy, Contemporary Novelist

JOHN GALSWORTHY, one of the most famous of contemporary English novelists, is known for his deep concern with the problems of modern society. Born of a cultured and prosperous Devonshire family, he had every advantage that position and wealth could bring a talented son. He was educated at the famous schools of Harrow and Oxford. He did not follow the profession of law when called to the bar in 1890; instead he traveled in Russia, the Orient, Australia, North and South

America, studying the many and varied economic, social, and spiritual horizons of the world. His first literary work appeared in 1898 and his last work was published in 1933 shortly after his death.

Few contemporary authors have so enthusiastic a group of admirers as John Galsworthy. He is notable for his novels, his short stories, his essays, and his plays. Looking at life steadily and understandingly, his writings all have social significance. His principal novels are those in which he analyzes middle-class life in England; his dramas deal with the inequalities in the political and social life of the humblest laboring classes; his essays are thoughtful discussions of social problems. All his works constitute a critical and dignified portrayal of contemporary life. His writing is marked by dramatic intensity in story telling, vivid characterization, and a charming style. His appeal is widespread to readers in the United States, and the British commonwealth. The chief works have been translated into French and German. Shortly before his death, Galsworthy was awarded the Nobel Prize, giving him recognition as one of the major men-of-letters of the age. Galsworthy is better understood when one knows his theory of art. "Art is the one form of human energy which works for union and destroys the barriers between man and man. It is the continual, unconscious replacement of one self by another."

The service which literature is coming more and more to render is bringing about a better human understanding. Galsworthy is known for his passionate love of justice, and his penetrating analysis of the problems of religion and marriage in a world of rapidly changing social and spiritual horizons. The Pharisee is his target. The Pharisee conforms strictly to the letter of outworn laws and antiquated ideas concerning education, marriage, religion, government, crime and its punishment, and the distribution of property. Individual Phariseeism is "a blind spot in which no one can see himself." The vehicle of Phariseeism, Galsworthy sees as the middle-class family, the family of property. To carry his criticism of contemporary life Galsworthy created "The Forsyte Saga." The Forsytes are "the middle-class men of property, the pillars of society, the corner stones of convention." Individualism in the last century had brought them property and wealth. Admirable business qualities, fortunate investments, far-sighted marriages, had made them men of property. As such they have no interests outside their family; they keep out a vision of spiritual values; they have no charity for the unfortunate. Galsworthy saw them at the close of the Victorian Era, the battle over, at ease at the top of the ladder. Galsworthy, born a Forsyte with a silver spoon in his mouth was intimately acquainted with the society he portrayed in "The Forsyte Saga."

Galsworthy's greatest critic, St. John Ervine, says of him: "As one looked at Galsworthy's sensitive face he was aware of tightened lips,—But the lips were not tightened because of things done to him but of things done to others." It is natural then that John Galsworthy is a satirist. The test of a satirist is the worthiness of his purpose and the geniality of his spirit. The ingredients of satire are humor and criticism. Galsworthy's ironic insight into life saw the shortcomings of modern society. Fearlessly he attacked the shortcomings of his own class and sympathetically he portrayed human wrongs. He preserved a nice balance between humor and criticism; never do we

hear the swish of the satirist's broom, and never is his laughter too loud. If it is the supreme virtue of the novelist to create "the illusion of life," we acknowledge this power of Galsworthy, for in his novels we do find the illusion of life. From his wisdom we are able to select many a choice fragment to carry along as we further meditate upon the illusion: "We are all little bits of continuity. To despise one another is to deny continuity, and to deny continuity is to deny eternity." "The modern spirit is to understand and to forgive." "Be kind, keep up your end—that's all."

The Forsyte Chronicles

"The Forsyte Saga" is a series of chronicles of a well-to-do English family through several generations. The first series of the Saga consists of three novels "The Man of Property," "In Chancery," and "To Let;" and two short stories, "The Indian Summer of a Forsyte," and "The Awakening." It is a record of Soames Forsyte and his family. Life to the Forsytes was a series of family festivals, births, betrothals, marriages and funerals—no member ever doing anything that was not known to the rest. The outstanding characters of the family are Soames Forsyte and his daughter Fleur. Soames Forsyte is a man of property during the late Victorian period. He adds lands, pictures, and a wife to his already large fortune. Irene, the wife, discovers that she is merely an investment. When she requests her freedom, it is denied. Then she meets and loves Bosinney, an architect. Bosinney's way out is suicide.

After several years Galsworthy waked the Forsytes out of silence in a second series of chronicles, "The Modern Comedy" which includes "The White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon," "The Swan Song," novels, and "A Silent Wooing," "Passers By," interludes, is a record of a new age, a post-war generation. It deals with the general disillusionment that succeeded the World War. Cynicism is the prevailing fashion. The young Forsytes are careless of property, they have what they want and they do as they please regardless of fathers and fathers-in-law.

The concluding series of the Forsyte chronicles includes "The Maid in Waiting," "The Flowering Wilderness," and "One More River." In these novels Galsworthy records his poignant interest in a complex problem of modern life, marriage.

"The Flowering Wilderness" is considered to be the best novel of Galsworthy's last series. It is evident, however, that the last two novels are inseparable, for in them the author expresses his ripe wisdom and philosophy on life's most serious problem, marriage.

The world of Galsworthy's novels is like our own. The author has interpreted its meaning more clearly because of his greater insight, and its beauty and truth are more greatly enhanced because of his artistic imagination. "Who comes away from such a world to the more ordinary paths of daily living will be a bit surer of his own way, a bit more understanding of his neighbor, a little readier and more glad to suffer and to share life's pleasures and life's pains."

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Contemporary Novelist

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, an important figure in American fiction, is a doctor of philosophy, mistress of six languages, lecturer, author of many books, member of the board of education of Vermont, and the mother of two children.

Experiences varied and rich have

prepared Mrs. Fisher to be an exponent of the fine art of living. She was born at Lawrence, Kansas, 1879, where her father was the president of the University of Kansas. When Mr. Canfield became librarian at Columbia University, his daughter became a student specializing in Romance languages. Dorothy spent much of her early life abroad with her mother, a talented artist and musician, in the Latin quarter of Paris and in French convent schools.

After her marriage to John Redwood Fisher, writer and critic, in 1907, a year was spent in study in Italy and another in Norway. While in Italy Mrs. Fisher was selected by the American publishers to be the translator of Madame Montessori's book on education. Later Mrs. Fisher produced "A Montessori Mother," a simplification and adaptation of the Italian system of kindergarten education adapted to the needs of American mothers. Following this interest in education Mrs. Fisher later wrote "Mothers and Children" and "Learn or Perish" a series of essays on the problem of education. The Fishers made their home on a farm in the small Vermont village of Arlington. Two volumes of stories on Vermont life were written by Dorothy Canfield. A well-worn path leads up the mountain to the "Fishers," because the women of the village see her as a neighbor who understands and helps them.

France was the second home of the Fishers. It was not strange then that in 1915 they went to France to do their share. Mr. Fisher directed a training camp for ambulance drivers; Mrs. Fisher did all kinds of relief work, her home in France was a refuge for children in need of care and shelter. During this intense period she wrote some of her finest work, "Home Fires in France" and "The Day of Glory," stories of those French women and some Americans who quietly and steadily carried on holding life together until the war should cease. The income from these stories and previous work was spent by the Fishers in their relief work, because they knew and loved France.

Returning home in 1919, normal life on the Vermont farm began again. Dorothy Canfield continued to write essays, stories, novels. Her best novels are: "The Bent Twig," revealing the life in the university town of her childhood; "The Brimming Cup," a vivid picture of Vermont life; "Her Son's Wife," the story of a widow school-teacher whose son brings home a wife the exact opposite of everything she has liked and approved; "The Deepening Stream," the deepening experience of a normal woman after marriage; "Bonfire," 1933, is a dramatic story of love and marriage in a Vermont village.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher is one of a succession of women novelists, warm-hearted, courageous women interested in life. From out of her abundant living, Dorothy Canfield Fisher has gained a comprehension of the values of life. A dynamic personality, she has held out both hands to life, gaining a superb ability to portray the average life vividly and honestly. Intensely enthusiastic over the significance of human relationships, she makes this problem the subject of her novels. The gallery of children in her novels are very human little persons, intensely real. Her women are gracious lovable individuals, many of them real creations. As an educator Mrs. Fisher is a frequent contributor to French periodicals as well as to the principal American magazines. As a literary critic she has received recognition through her appointment to the board of five judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club of the

United States. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's greatest role, however, is that of a teacher, a helper, a friend, because she has made the plain word "service" a shining symbolical thing.

"The Deepening Stream"

"The Deepening Stream" follows the current of an ordinary, average unsensational life, the life of an inherently fine woman, Matey Gilbert. From a lonely child of four she develops into a mature self-reliant woman, whose understanding of the meaning of life deepens with the years. Many times during her life she is brought face to face with the truth—"Life does not mean what you think, there is more."

Matey Gilbert at the age of four began to puzzle over the mystery of remembering. The surprising appearance of a tulip in the garden, the lonely night vigil when lost in the woods with her brother and sister, the battered desk in the cheerless first schoolroom, her mother's obsession for dramatic activities, her father's manner of poking fun, half scolding and half teasing were stored in the dark hole of Matey's childhood memory. Professor Gilbert takes his family to Paris a second time. Mrs. Gilbert, impatient and restless, turns Matey to the care of Madame Vinet, a music teacher. The Vinet household is a wholesome place for the lonely child, there she enjoys the companionship of children her own age. Upon the return of the Gilbert family to their own country, life goes on much as before, Matey sees life as it lies nearest to her. Father, mother, sister, brother, each follow their own interests. Misunderstandings and family quarrels are the result. Matey never could understand Priscilla's grown-upness. Mother's social and civic consciousness, father's ironic comments about his colleagues. There came a simple accident, a brief illness, and Matey's father was dead. As she heard her father plead, "Jessica! Don't go away!" and her mother answer tenderly, "No, Morris dear, I won't leave you," it came to her, a new knowledge—"Why in some way of their own, Father and Mother, they belonged to each other, and knew it." Matey had not understood all these years, all her childhood had been shadowed and chilled by her lack of understanding of her family. As if defending herself from a terrible reproach Matey cried out, "Life does not mean what you think, there is more."

A few years pass and Matey, her mother dead, goes to the little Quaker village of Rustdorf to receive a legacy left to her by her father's cousin. A long visit to the new found relatives of her father saw at its close Matey's engagement to Adrian Fort, the honest staid son of the banker of Rustdorf. Priscilla received with consternation the news of her sister's intended marriage while in Italy where she was chaperoning a party of American girls. When Priscilla and Matey met, later, the long-awaited freedom to speak as they felt came for the first time. Priscilla and Francis, not understanding their sister's choice of a lover urge her to reconsider the matter. Matey married Adrian and a wedding trip was taken to Europe. The meeting with Madame Vinet and her family was a joy to Matey; Adrian's pleasure came in visiting the art galleries he had dreamed of so long.

Life at Rustdorf was uneventful and bare in many ways. Matey learned the sterling values of the many quaint lives of the community. After several summers Priscilla, tired with the strain of her teaching activities, came to spend the summer with Matey. Into the life of the

village she fitted with surprising ease. At the end of a second summer's visit, Priscilla found a home as mother to the children of an old friend of Adrian's father. At first Matey resented Priscilla's marriage, but later she understood the beauty of her sister's love. Matey again had to admit she did not understand all of life's values.

Complacent and secure, Matey continued for many years in her life as wife and mother, accepting love as a gift and homage as a duty. Then came news of the World War shattering the poise of mankind. Matey and Adrian waited anxiously for news of their friends in France. After several months the Forts decided to go to France. Matey and the children went to stay with Madame Vinet; Adrian went to the front to serve as an ambulance driver. The days were busy and anxious ones. Furloughs were eagerly awaited. The tragedy of war is a tragedy of shaken faith. Adrian returned from the fighting lines with his faith in the human race shattered. Little by little the tiny fortune left to Matey by cousin Constance was used to aid suffering and distress. At last the war was over and the cry for home issued from many hearts. Matey and her little band were soon homeward bound. Home at last; loved ones waiting had the table laid for supper. So life was picked up again by all. Matey slowly realized her task, the re-creation of Adrain's faith in the world. The war, a mistake of men, was not all, there was more. It was the lesson she had learned about her Father and Mother. He must know "there is no small or great in what was true." By his side at work and play she must stand. The belonging together was the tie that would stand up even in the face of death.

In all her works Dorothy Canfield gives expression to the truth: "The medium for the communication of the Spirit is not words but Life."

Suggestions for Study

A. Materials:
   1. The Story of the World's Litterature, Macy, Chapters 35, 47.
   2. "The Flowering Wilderness," Galsworthy.
      "One More River," Galsworthy.
   3. "The Deepening Stream," Fisher.

*B. Program:
   1. Reading:
      Selection "Home Fires in France," Fisher.
   2. Discussion:
      a. The Novel a Social Record.
      b. John Galsworthy, Novelist.
      c. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Mother and Author.
   3. Review:
      a. "The Flowering Wilderness" or
      b. "The Deepening Stream."

C. Objective:
   The lesson is planned to present the contemporary novel as a social record.

Editor's Note: "The Flowering Wilderness" or "The Deepening Stream" may be used. It is not intended that both novels shall be reviewed in detail.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in December)

ROBERT OWEN AND FACTORY REFORMS

WE come now to the study of a man who pioneered the way in factory reforms in England, who made the lot of factory workers everywhere a little less unendurable than it was and less than it would now be if he had not lived. Robert Owen, of course, was more than a reformer of factory work; he was a pioneer in social reform on a large scale; but we shall here be concerned only with his efforts to improve working conditions in the English factory.

1. The Industrial Revolution

IN order, however, to understand the work of Robert Owen in this aspect, it is necessary for us to learn just how it was that his work became so imperative in his time. The necessity arose out of what is called in social history the Industrial Revolution, but what might better be termed the Industrial Evolution.

Before 1760 England was an agricultural commonwealth. With the exception of such towns as London, which then had a population of fewer than one hundred thousand inhabitants, people lived in small towns and villages, with a county government. Spinning and weaving were done in the home or in the house of a small master—the spinning by the women and the weaving by the men. Manufacturing divided the time of the workers with the cultivation of small tracts of land. Moreover, the manufacture of cloth was carried on, not with a view to profit, but rather for the purpose of use and exchange. Thus England was a land of peasants.

But between the year 1733 and the year 1785 there took place a series of discoveries and inventions that altered the face of things for Englishmen and for the world. In 1733 John Kay invented the flying shuttle; in 1770 the spinning jenny by Hargreaves came into use; in the period covered by the years 1769 to 1775 Richard Arkwright perfected the roller spinning frame, which was operated by water power; in 1779 came the mule, invented by Samuel Crompton, which enabled the English worker to compete in the manufacture of delicate muslin with the deft fingers of the East Indian. The power loom, by Cartwright, was invented in 1785. With the discovery of the use of steam, by Watt, in 1769, the factory was able to increase its output by substituting steam power for water power; and then factories moved from the banks of various streams into the town and the city. In addition coal was used instead of charcoal—which speeded up the production of this fuel from 68,000 tons in 1788 to 1,347,000 tons in 1839. The instrumentalities of the industrial revolution in England were thus complete.

One can almost guess the effect of this change in industry. In the first place, England was no longer an agricultural commonwealth, but an industrial and agricultural nation. In the second place, new problems of government and society arose, which it took a long time to solve properly, so quickly did they spring up. Before that, no provision had been made in the counties for the government of cities — at least in counties where there were no large towns. And so political government had to adjust itself to the changing

situation. In the third place, competition entered into the manufacturing business. The industry became a profit-making affair. Hence the factory owner sought by every expedient to reduce his costs, in order to increase his profit. Thus cheap labor, child labor, and factory hazards became common. In the fourth place, industry tended more and more to concentrate in large, populous districts, and hence the large city with its slums, its tenement houses, and unsanitary conditions in certain of the poorer quarters. It was this last that aroused the interest of Robert Owen in labor conditions in connection with the factory.

2. Salient Facts in Owen's Life

ROBERT OWEN was born in Newton, Wales, in 1771, of Welsh parents. He died in 1858 at the age of eighty-seven, after having become one of the most important figures in the social development of English life and after having influenced very greatly the life of the factory worker in other nations.

He must have been, even as a child, unusually intelligent. For before he was ten years old he was chosen to aid his teacher in the school and was trusted at that age to go to London to make his way in the world. The industrial revolution was then at its height in England.

His native intelligence is further indicated by the fact that he overcame all the disadvantages of his early environment. His father was a tradesman, and all his relatives either tradesmen or farmers, without any social prestige of any sort. The school which he attended as a child could teach him no more than the rudiments of learning. And he was born, as already stated, in a remote country village in Wales. From ten to eighteen he was a shop-boy or assistant, first in Stamford, then in London, and finally in Manchester. He must therefore have possessed some strong personal qualities to have risen to the station he occupied in the thought and the life of the English - speaking people everywhere. When he was eighteen, he borrowed five hundred dollars and set himself up in the manufacturing business, and when he was twenty-nine he became head of the cotton mills in New Lanark, then the largest and best-equipped in Great Britain. Says one of his numerous biographers:[1]

> "Owen's career up to this point is a typical romance of commerce—an adventure of the industrial revolution after the hearts of the apostles of self-help and capitalistic abstenance, well fitted to point a Victorian moral or adorn an economic tract. One expects it to end with Owen amassing a vast fortune, dying a baronet at least, and founding a great "house," with probably a seat in the Lords and a prescriptive right to order other folk about. But, in fact, Owen has never been a favorite theme for the economic tract-makers. For the story goes quite in the wrong way.
>
> "Owen made a fortune at New Lanark; but he valued his position there, not as a means of money-making, for which he cared hardly at all, but as the chance of his life for putting into practice certain ideas which from boyhood had been developing in his mind. He saw everywhere around him the miseries and cruelties which attended the industrial revolution, especially in its earlier stages. He saw men, women, and children maimed, stunted, and demoralized by the slavery of the new factories, condemned to work impossibly long hours under incredibly vile and unhealthy conditions, treated not as human beings, but as mere instruments for the accumulation of riches. This whole bad business seemed to him not only wrong and indefensible in itself, but also quit unnecessary even as a means to money-making. "I can make manufacturing pay" he said to himself, and was soon to say to others, "without reducing those

whom I employ to misery and moral degradation."

Owen's apprenticeship in business was of a nature to give him a varied experience, and prepared him excellently for his later work. With his first employer, a Mr. McGuffog, a haberdasher, he came in contact with county-folk. This was in Stamford. At his second employers', Flint and Palmer, in a London clothing house, he learned to deal with city-folk on a cash basis. His third employer, a Mr. Scatterfield, a retail clothier in Manchester, he became acquainted with the principle of buying on credit. During this time he read a great deal, as his time would permit, and, with McGuffog especially, he acquired the habit of punctuality in meeting obligations when due and methods of careful bookkeeping. Since all three merchants dealt with different kinds of goods, he received an all-round training and became a good judge of fabrics. In each case he left his employer voluntarily to follow a desire he had to get on in the world, as if he had in mind exactly what he was to be and to do.

At eighteen, as we have already stated, he launched out for himself in the manufacturing business. It would be tedious to follow his rise from position to position. Besides, that is not necessary. It is sufficient to say that he rose from one managerial place to another and from part ownership to full ownership of factories, always seeking to apply his principles of group-life—sometimes with, but often without, the consent and cooperation of his partners in the business, at such times as he had partners. New Lanark, in Scotland, is chiefly notable in connection with his experiments to improve the lot of factory workers.

Of greater interest, however, is it to know the kind of man Robert Owen was and what were his chief ideas on education.

Once he was in partnership with a Mr. Drinkwater. Mr. Drinkwater, it seems, was anxious to make an alliance with a Mr. Oldknow, a rich manufacturer, by marrying his daughter. It seems also that a partnership with Owen would not be the best thing for him under the circumstances. So Drinkwater sent for Owen to talk the matter over. Owen, however, having suspected what was in the wind, put the contract in his pocket and went into the office of the senior partner. Drinkwater put his proposition to abrogate the partnership—which was then more prospective than real. Thereupon Owen said: "I have brought the agreement with me, and here it is, and I now put it into the fire, because I never will connect myself with any parties who are not desirous to be united with me; but under these circumstances I cannot remain your manager with any salary you can give me." And so he left, with no prospect whatever of anything else to do.

Later, after two or three years had elapsed and he had joined two rich men in the Chorlton mills, he refused to make articles which would compete with Drinkwater, whom he had left under the circumstances we have just given. On the contrary, he specialized in the manufacture of such articles as would not come into competition with those made by his old employer and partner. "There is not, I think," says Cole, "a single incident in Owen's whole career in which he tried to injure, or even showed himself angry with, any human being."

His educational theory was very decided and simple. Our qualities, he thought, are given us by nature, but the direction which these qualities take is given us by society. Ac-

[1] *Robert Owen* (Cole), 1925, p. 12.

cordingly, he directed to the extent he was able that such environment should obtain in all his factory towns as would make for the best development of the people living there. But since, however, childhood and youth are the period of greatest growth in character-formation, it followed, he believed, that the utmost care should be exercised to see that proper educational facilities were placed at the disposal of children and young persons.

3. Owenism in Action

IN 1798, when he was twenty-seven and looked younger, Owen visited Scotland, for the purpose of making some new business connections. He was then a partner in the Chorlton mills in Manchester, England. Asked by Miss Anne Caroline Dale, whom he was to marry the next year, to visit her father's cotton mills in New Lanark, he did so, afterwards remarking to a friend that "of all the places I have yet seen, I should prefer this in order to try an experiment I have long contemplated, and have wished to have an opportunity to put in practice." The establishment, we are told, then "consisted of a primitive manufacturing Scotch village and four mills for spinning cotton." Owen decided to acquire the property—in association, of course, with his present partners, for at the time he had only about fifteen thousand dollars. After prolonged negotiations the Chorlton Twist Co. bought the New Lanark mills for approximately three hundred thousand dollars, payable in installments of fifteen thousand dollars a year. In January, 1800, Owen, now married, took up his residence in the Scottish town.

New Lanark mills had been founded in 1782, by David Dale and Richard Arkwright, but, two years later, the partnership was dissolved, and Dale became full owner. As a matter of fact, he was what is called a benevolent employer, for he had paid his workers once when the mills had burned down and they were unemployed, he had provided for the education of the workers' children, and he had supplied goods to the workers more cheaply, through a store of his own, than they could otherwise have bought them. And he had done this in spite of the fact that he seldom visited the mills himself.

Conditions there were typically bad. "Drunkneness and immorality were very prevalent; thieving was common in every department of the works; housing conditions were disgusting, and filth was everywhere, both in the houses and in the streets of the village. The people were, indeed, for the most part very religious; but they belonged to many rival and disputing sects, so that they quarrelled fiercely, and seemed to consider their religion a sufficient excuse for the living of evil lives."[2] There were between seventeen and eighteen hundred men, women, and children in New Lanark then, of whom more than four hundred were between five and ten years of age, although these were officially given as being from seven to twelve. All worked thirteen hours a day, even the children, with an hour and fifteen minutes for meals. The great majority of families, no mater how large, occupied but a single room.

Acting on his theory that environment is made *for* and not *by* the individal, he first looked to the physical conditions in the factory and in the village. He rearranged the machinery, enlarged the houses by adding another story, and laid out the streets with an eye to both beauty and cleanliness. He abolished all the

[2] *Robert Owen* (Cole), p. 71. These are Owen's own words and may be colored somewhat, Cole thinks.

privately owned whiskey shops, and established stores owned by the firm, in which a "better grade" of whiskey was sold. Buying everything on a large scale, as he says, he was able to sell the workers supplies at twenty-five per cent less than they had been paying; and all these articles were of the best grade. Sanitation, also, attracted his attention. As stated, each family now had two rooms. He did away with the practice of dumping refuse in the streets; this was now carted away periodically. Health visitors saw to it that the inside of houses was kept clean. After that came the conduct of workers in the factory. Theft, which was common, was overcome by a careful system of checks. "He reduced the hours of work to ten and a half, or twelve including mealtimes, at the beginning of 1816, provided free medical attendance for all, started a Sick Club and a Savings Bank, threw open the woods as a public pleasure-ground, and in general pursued his course as by far the most enlightened employer of his time.

But he did even more for the children. It will be remembered that his theory of education was that it was the children's, not the adult's, environment which most needed to be created or changed. And here he put his theory into practice. No child was employed till it reached the age of ten. Up to that age it spent its time in school. In summer its education was carried on in the open air, and the system included singing, dancing, music, and, in the case of boys, military exercises. For the children over ten, there were evening schools, and for adults "accommodations for reading, writing, accounting, sewing, playing, talking, and walking, as well as regular lectures, dances, and concerts in the hall of the institution. No restraint was placed on private judgment or religious opinion." It is curious that he believed wickedness and misery "have proceeded solely from the ignorance of our forefathers."

All this was accomplished gradually. Owen did not believe in sudden revolutions. It took twenty-eight years to bring about these changes, during which he had, at first, to combat the ill-will of his employees. He did not believe in force, but only persuasion. Only toward the beginning was he handicapped by lack of money. Moreover, during the years from 1813 to 1828 he became a public character, mainly on account of the fact that he was able to make money and at the same time treat his workers with humanity. In consequence people came from almost every country to study his ideal factory town, New Lanark.

Questions

1. Compare child labor in Owen's time with our present child labor laws.

2. At what age may children be legally employed, according to the school law of your community?

3. What is the difference between child labor and children's work?

4. A form of unemployment insurance was instituted when the workmen at New Lanark were paid on the burning of the mill and they were unemployed through no fault of their own. Unemployment insurance is now a national issue. Discuss the Wagner-Lewis bill, introduced in the Congress in February, 1934. (See *Graphic Survey* for March, 1934.)

Discuss these topics, introduced by Owen: (a) Health officials (who made the visits?); (b) Reduction of hours of work; (c) free medical care; (d) sick benefits; (e) savings; (f) recreation; (g) education, both child and adult; (h) environment.

Discuss the comparative value of human beings and money, as emphasized by Owen. In what way were his policies and system spread to other countries and communities. What is industrial insurance? Workmen's compensation? Are workmen in your community covered by these provisions?

Mission Lessons

LESSON III. HEALTH AND HOME NURSING

Fever and Contagion

"Prevention is better than cure."

Fever

BUY a fever thermometer and learn how to read it. Shake the mercury down below 97 degrees. After cleansing the thermometer properly in cold water and alcohol, place the bulb under the patient's tongue, leave it there for three minutes. If the patient is unconscious do not take the temperature by mouth.

Johnny's stomach ache may be appendicitis, especially if it is accompanied by a fever. Know how high the fever goes instead of worrying about it. Some mothers take fevers for granted. One will say, "Mary had a fever yesterday." Then you see Mary outside playing with yesterday's warning signal forgotten. Fever may usher in almost any disease. Some people run a high fever from slight causes; others though acutely ill, manifest little change in temperature.

Certain types of fever are characteristic of certain diseases—the high irregular up and down curve of influenza, or ear infections; the afternoon rise in tuberculosis; the continuous high fever of typhoid and pneumonia; the low fever of minor infections of the nose and throat.

Fever affects people differently. One is made restless, irritable and wakeful, another may be quite drowsy, and sleep all the time. The skin becomes hot to the touch, while the feet and hands are cold. The patient is very thirsty, and usually makes repeated demands for water. The eyes may be bright or dull and listless; usually there is no evidence of perspiration. After some days of fever the lips become cracked or crusted. The mouth is dry and the tongue coated. The urine is often concentrated, dark in color, with a strong odor. These are some of the symptoms of fever, but the true test of the condition is the thermometer.

The normal temperature of the body is ninety-eight and four-tenths degrees. There may be in good health a slight variance either way, but if the mercury on the thermometer, after being placed under the tongue for the proper length of time, registers much above the little arrow, we say that the person has a fever. We must never guess at fever by placing our hand upon the patient's head. The temperature should be read accurately by means of the thermometer and a notation made, as well as the time of taking the temperature.

Fever is really a protective process. We are not so much interested in the fever itself, but rather in the disease that produces the fever. It has been proven that fever kills germs and already in some of the hospitals there are electrical ma-

chines which will produce artificial fever in a person to help cure the disease. Let us no longer, then, be frightened by moderate degrees of temperature. If the temperature is not over 100 degrees in children, it is not excessive, and there is no particular cause for alarm. Fever is only a symptom of disease and not a cause, and may even be friendly.

Babies, very young children, and adults who are unconscious or very sick should have their temperature taken by rectum by placing the bulb of the thermometer, after it has been well greased with vasoline or olive oil, in the rectum. Let us remember that temperatures taken in the rectum are always one degree higher than temperatures taken by the mouth under the same condition. We should always designate to the doctor not only the amount of fever present, but as to whether or not it was a mouth or rectal temperature.

Generally with the increase in temperature there are two other signals of trouble, namely—a rapid pulse and too frequent breathing. It is still best to take the pulse on the thumb side of the inner portion of the wrist, and we should count it for one whole minute. The pulse varies during the different ages of life. In infants it may be as frequent as one hundred and thirty times per minute; in children under ten years of age it runs normally around ninety beats per minute; in adults we may be able to count anywhere from sixty to seventy-five beats per minute and still be well within the range of normal.

The same disease which produces a high fever also increases the pulse rate, and this rate should be recorded at the same time the temperature is taken. When we are resting quietly, our breathing, if we count the respirations for one minute, would be about eighteen. Fever, like running or excitement, increases the number of respirations per minute, and in some lung diseases this increase may be very marked. Let us remember then that three of the danger signals of illness are fever, rapid pulse and hurried breathing. The patient, unless she be too ill, too young, or too nervous will further assist us by telling us definitely how she feels, the location of the pain or the distress and the presence or acuteness of tenderness. Tenderness, we should remember, is pain in any part, produced by pressure.

If the temperature is above one hundred degrees, the patient should be put to bed and in all but the very simple cases the Doctor should be called to help us find the cause of the trouble. As a detective of illness, we must observe all—the eyes, the skin, the mouth and throat, the cough, the voice, the bowels and the mental condition. These will help us to run down the fugitive disease. If we make our notations on a piece of paper: the pulse rate, the temperature, and the breathing, counting each for one full minute and recording the same, recording also the time and date the observations were made, such a simplified home record will be of great benefit to the Doctor, if we need help later on.

It is not for us to remember even the names of all the diseases that produce fever; rather let us remember a few of the important things to do for the fever patient until help arrives.

First—Put the patient to bed, if possible away from the rest of the family, in a clean, well lighted room.

Second—A warm sponge bath may be given for cleanliness. A hot foot bath is always good, and a couple of tablespoonfuls of mustard, previously stirred to a uniform cream, in a cupful of hot water, helps the foot bath. If the patient is very

sick, such a foot bath may be given in bed. Towels wrung out of cold water and placed over the eyes and forehead, are helpful. If the patient is chilling use plenty of blankets on the bed and hot water bottles. Hot water bottles should never be more than half filled, and always wrapped in cloth and never allowed to come in contact with the patient's skin.

The diet should be light; fruit juices, a little milk toast, some clear soup, a little jello or a little ice cream. It is better to be very sparing with the diet and very generous with the fluids. Water in small quantities at frequent intervals is more important to the fever patient than food.

Laxatives should not be given, especially if the patient complains of abdominal pain. Pain is always a danger signal. Small warm enemas, not over a quart, and repeated if necessary, are safer than laxatives.

Sunlight is a powerful disinfectant and a valuable aid toward recovery. The sun is as beneficial to the human body as to the growing plant and is needed in every sick room.

Contagion

THE great challenge to our civilization today is the contagious disease. It is to be hoped that in the near future, the contagious disease will be no more. From one single case of contagious disease, if not well guarded, there may follow hundreds. Smallpox, the scourge of a hundred years ago, has been whipped completely. Its presence now is only a curiosity and a testimony that someone evaded vaccination.

Typhoid fever depends upon contaminated food and in communities where the water and milk supply are safe, this disease is rare. In the presence of an epidemic, boil the water and milk; and cook the vegetables. Remember that typhoid vaccination will save you from this dreaded disease.

Diphtheria, which can choke a child to death in less than twenty-four hours, still stalks about. We can now immunize our children against this dreaded disease. Such immunization is not painful, it is sure, and we hope will eventually stamp out this disease.

Measles and whooping cough still thrive, and are always present. Over ninety per cent of all persons have these diseases some time in their lives. Parents should carefully guard young children against exposure and not forget that the younger the child, the more fatal the disease is apt to be.

Scarlet Fever is one of the most dangerous diseases of childhood, and may so weaken the body that other serious diseases follow. A sore throat is apt to be the first complaint. The scarlet rash may follow three days later. Beware of any person with sore throat.

Pneumonia, tuberculosis and influenza still claim their victims, and leave destruction in their wake. Against these agents, there are no specific remedies. A healthy body aids in protection. Necessary, sufficient, and suitable food, adequate sleep and rest, fresh air and exercise, proper protection against cold and wet, all of these combine to build up protection against disease. Radiant health should be the objective.

Tuberculosis, which once occupied first place among the causes of death in America, has now moved back to seventh place. Better hygiene, fresh air, sunshine and good food have helped bring this condition about. More important, however, in the first against Tuberculosis, is the education of the people to the value of early diagnosis of the disease. Tuberculosis causes Tuberculosis—every

case comes from another—early discovery, early recovery. Watch for these danger signs—too easily tired, loss of weight, indigestion, and the cough that hangs on.

Persons who suffer from insufficient food, exposure, and bad housing, long hours and bad conditions of work, are more prone to the disease. An ounce of fresh air is still worth more than a pound of cough syrup.

Cough is the policeman of the lung. A long continued cough, with loss of body weight and an evening rise in temperature are danger signals of impending calamity. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the chief agent in the spread of disease is man himself.

The care of the Tubercular patient is very important. It is necessary to use sputum cups and all the discharges from the nose and throat must be burned. He must have his own dishes, and towels, and live apart from other members of the family. Tuberculosis is one of the sputum born diseases, and can be controlled by individual action, and cleanliness, since it is a germ disease. The human hand is the great carrier of disease germs, both to and from the body. Unclean hands must be kept away from the mouth. Our public agencies are doing much to keep our food and drink free from disease contamination. We have only our hands and our homes to keep clean.

Bits of Philosophy

By Nephi Jensen

Pride is paralysis of the soul.
Sophistication is not education.
Character is better than cunning.
Meanness is the mother of misery.
Where policy begins principle ends.
Incitement is better than excitement.
Joy living is better than joy riding.
A smile is the sunshine of good nature.
Purity of heart is the soul of culture.
It is better to be clean than to be clever.
Honest playing is better than false praying.
The character builder is the master builder.
Wisdom is just horse sense, right on the job.
A golden heart is better than a silver tongue.
The hearthstone is the touchstone of civilization.
A little hell is good for you if it is not home made.
Purity of heart is the only fountain of eternal youth.
He is richer than the rich who does not envy the rich.
He who is ashamed of the poor, is poorer than the poor.
It is hard to be nice to people who think they are nice.
An idle life begins with a giggle and ends with a grunt.
Where selfish gratification begins, sweet gratitude ends.
Purity, peace and power are the enduring riches of heaven.

Patchwork Quilts are Revived by the Depression

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

THE depression, with more leisure and less money, has revived our grand-mothers' art of patch-work quilt making.

"To salvage beauty and usefulness from coarse waste materials was the everyday accomplishment of our pioneer mothers who hooked rugs and pieced quilts," says Ruby Short McKim.

She continues: "Some way we are apt to think of the quilt makers as mature or even old, but a second thought assures us they were often merely girls. Pioneer movements are not sponsored by those who have passed life's meridian. It takes youth, with its unspoiled imaginings to blaze trails, to leave the family hearth for the open road, to hazard security for chance. So most of the families who surged their way westward were young as the civilization which they were formulating. A girl-wife, driving an ox team, with her firstborn held close in her strong young arms or under her stronger young heart, was the heroine of the day. Not that they called her a heroine then; no; but her timid sister who stayed with 'pa and ma' back in York State or Ca'lina may have spent the rest of her spinster days in envying willful Emily who rode away with John.

"And the story of their wanderings, their few original possessions, their accumulations, the friendships formed, their abiding faith and the home established, is the story of patchwork quilts."

Suggestive of the trek westward are some of the names of the designs: Indian Hatchet, Log Cabin. Road to California, Texas Treasure, Virginia Star, Arkansas Traveler, Oklahoma Boomer, Kansas Troubles, Cactus Basket, Prairie Queen, Delectable Mountains, Mexican Rose, Rising Sun, Wagon Tracks, Coxey's Camp, and World's Fair. Interpolations are the "Drunkard's Path" and the "Dutchman's Puzzle."

Another group has the tang of the sea: Square and Compass, Ship's Wheel, Ocean Wave, Storm At Sea, Fishhook, and Crossed Canoes.

Nature's influence on these early day settlers that carved their homes out of the wilderness is reflected in such designs as: Bear's Paw, Bird's Nest, Shoo Fly, Dove in the Window, Honey Bee, Snail's Trail, Spider Web, Milky Way and Goose in the Pond.

Reflections of the life of the period are found in such designs as Baby's Blocks, Beggar Block, Broken Dishes, Churn Dash, Corn and Beans, Crazy Ann, Flower Pot, Mill Wheel, Grandmother's Fan, Spools, Weathervane, Monkey Wrench, Necktie and Jack in the Box.

The religious element crept in with Jacob's Ladder, Hosannah and "Rob Peter to Pay Paul."

Imagination romantically inclined suggested the Album, Wedding Ring, King's Crown, Old Maid's Puzzle, Steps to the Altar and Friendship Ring.

Foreign origins produced the Arabic Lattice, Irish Cross, English Flower Garden, Swastika, and French Bouquet.

From the woods came Maple,

Hickory, and Palm Leaves, also Pine Trees.

Colorful were Cherry Baskets and Lafayette Orange Peel.

Many of the lovely appliqued designs bear the names of flowers: Hollyhock Wreath, Trumpet Vine, Noonday Lily, Rose of Sharon, Iris, Pansy, and the gorgeous Tulip. Gay nomenclatures too are Butterfly and Honeymoon Cottage.

Most of the quilts were pieced of calico. Chintz came from the India Chintzes brought over from India by the East India Trading Company. Among these were the "Persian Pear which women called the pickle pattern, or gourds, peacock feather designs, with pineapple, pomegranates, and certain exquisitely unreal but lavish flowers which all bespeak the Oriental influence."

IN making a quilt first select a design that appeals to you. Next work it out in as much color harmony as you can devise. Good, fade-proof materials are the most economical in the long run. It is wonderful how many designs can be worked out with squares and triangles without going into the more intricate patterns.

Blocks can be cut from strictly accurate patterns cut of cardboard or sandpaper.

Needless to say stitches should be firm, small and as nearly perfect as possible.

One bat of cotton will fill an ordinary lightweight quilt. Linings may be of unbleach, or a light colored material in harmony with the coloring of the quilt.

Quilting is done on wooden frames. Lines may be outlined by a ruler, or special cardboard designs used as markers for the fine quilting stitches.

For quickly made "tied" quilts old soft woolen or cotton blankets may be used for "filling."

The making of a home-made quilt is a labor of joy. A patchwork quilt is a work of art to be handed down as an heirloom.

My Neighbor's Garden

By Letitia Chambers Ridges

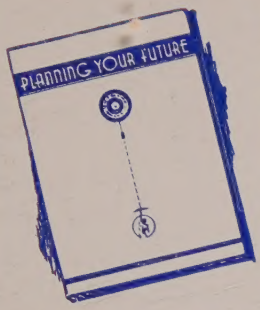
It's a lovely little garden
In the middle of the block,
And a charming little lady
In her dainty, pretty frock
Has a cheery smile of welcome
To those who're passing by
To come in and learn the secrets,
The how, the when and why.

The perfume from that garden
Permeates the country round,
And the busy bees a humming
Make a pleasing restful sound.
The pansy bordered stepping stones
Lead down to the end
Where the roses in a riot
Of lovely colors blend.

The daffodils and tulips
Are in their corner too,
And the larkspur and delphinium
With their lovely shades of blue.
The stately gladiola
With its glorious hues so rare
And the asters and the zinnias
Spread beauty everywhere.

And from this lovely garden
Kindly thoughts like blossoms fair
Wing their way among the neighbors
Leaving love and friendship there.
And all these lovely colors
Blend like a low sweet song.
I cannot name the half of them
'Twould make my rhyme too long.

At the Forks of the Road



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